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SONG.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

The world, the world *is* beautiful!
How glorious are its hills,
Adorned with plumes of mighty trees,
And gems of sparkling rills.

How grand its ancient forests are;
How fair its verdant vales;
How bright its gardens and its meads,
O'erswept by fragrant gales.

Oh! if a world where all things die,
Whence day is chased by night—
Which change, and sin, and misery,
Have all conspired to blight—

Retaineth yet *so many* charms,
Which at its birth were given—
Is *still* so nobly beautiful,
What must we think of *Heaven?*

Oh! for a vision of the hills
And vales by *angels* trod!
Haste, oh! my soul, along the way
That leads thee to thy God.

THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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THE FIRE CHAMBER OF THE ALMANZOR.

CHAPTER VII.

A WILD ADVENTURE.

It was some time ere either of the girls could command presence of mind enough to look about them for means of help. The danger had burst upon them like a thunderbolt. The current was irresistible, and the wind seemed to freshen, while its direction blew them directly down the river.

"Is there no piece of board with which we can guide our boat to the shore?" asked Eleanor, as soon as she could speak calmly.

Blanche looked about, but she could find none. The seats were fast, and not a stick could be found.

It had grown darker than when they were in the streets, for great masses of clouds had rolled up from over the mountains, and most of the stars were obscured. The wind continued to freshen, and the frail boat was driven at the will of the elements—now with the prow foremost—now sideways—and anon stern-to—but still onward with resistless force.

"Oh! there are the lights of the palace!" cried Eleanor. "In God's name, is there no way to reach it?"

"I know of none," returned Blanche, frightened more at the agony of her mistress than by any apprehension of danger to herself.

"We are passing! And the king may even now be waiting for me!"

"It must be past midnight, my mistress."

"So late? Yet it must be so. Alas! why were we so forgetful, Blanche?"

"Why was *I* so forgetful, you mean, good lady. Oh! I shall never forgive myself! It was all my fault. I should have seen to it."

"No, no, Blanche. You wrong me in that. It was as much my fault as yours. But—we are passing the palace! Cry out—somebody may come. Oh! anything to gain the chamber of the king!"

Both the girls called out for help at the top of their voices, but no help came. They called again and again, but the lights of the palace, like eyes in the head of a huge Argus, seemed to mock them from their towering height. When they were faint and hoarse they ceased their cries, and again, as the royal residence was lost to view, save the dim, ghost-like glare of a few of its lights upon the thick air, Eleanor groaned:

"Lost! Lost!"

And Blanche had no word of hope to offer, for she saw that the worst had not yet come. The clouds had rolled up higher and blacker, and the stars were all obscured. The maid held her tiny lantern out over the water, but it only served to render the gloom more deep about them. It glared upon the water only a few feet, and out into the darkness not a bit. A wall of blackness seemed to surround them, and whither they went they could not tell. No more lights were seen upon the shore, and the line of the river's banks had entirely disappeared.

Hark!" uttered Eleanor. "What sound is that?"

"It is the voice of the storm," replied Blanche. "I heard it some time since. It is upon us now.—Ah—it comes!"

As she spoke Eleanor felt a cold drop of rain upon her hand—then another—and another; and anon came the pattering of drops upon the boat, and upon the water. The wind had grown to a gale, and the rain soon fell in torrents.

Until now the lantern had been some company, for it had served to show to each the face of the other, as well as to show them the boat in which they were floating away. Even the dim glare upon the tapestried seat before her had been to Eleanor a source of relief, for it gave her eye something tangible to rest upon, and she had busied her thoughts in wondering if it could not be torn from its place. But the oil in the little lamp had burned wholly out, and as the last dull flicker told its death the dark wall gathered closely in, shutting the girls up in two separate prisons of gloom. Eleanor strained her eyes to their utmost, but she could see nothing. She held up her hand before her face, but she recognized it not. There was no gleam of light—not a particle.

"Blanche, come and sit by me," she said.

"Not both in the stern," returned the attendant. "We shall be safer here. The boat will be more evenly balanced. Here—give me your hand."

She reached forth her arm as she spoke, and when Eleanor had found it she groped her way to the seat upon which her servant sat. It was the longest thwart—the one amidships—and they both sat, with room enough upon it, clasped in each other's arms. The rain now fell in torrents, and the wind blew fiercely. The little boat, whirled in all ways by the surging flood, often came nigh upsetting, but the inmates kept their places, and thus saved themselves.

"We must land somewhere," said Eleanor, seeking to draw some word of hope from her companion.

"Of course we must," was the response. "If not before daylight, we can get help then."

"Daylight! Oh! and we shall be many miles away! *Lost! Lost!*"

"Be not so sure of that, my mistress. You know not what may happen."

There was a silence of some moments, during which both the girls tried to peer out into the gloom upon the shore, but no shore could be seen. They could only see the black water beside them, like a troubled sea of ink, and hear the patter of the great rain-drops. Suddenly Eleanor started, and clasped her companion more firmly.

"Hark!" she muttered, in terror-tones. "What is that?"

"I don't know," returned Blanche, trembling.

"How loud it roars. Can it be that the flood is increasing at so fearful a rate?"

But Blanche made no reply. She listened to the distant roar, which grew louder and louder, and soon made sure that it was ahead of them; and so she told her mistress.

"O—I know," cried Eleanor, as the roar of rushing waters now sounded close upon their right hand, "it must be the great branch from the north that empties in here."

"The Ontomin?"

"Yes."

"Then we are two good leagues away from Burgos."

"We must be."

"And at this rate we shall pass Buniel before day."

"If we pass it at all it must be before day, for we are over half way there now," said Eleanor. "If we should meet some eddying current—Oh! how we rock!" she suddenly exclaimed, as the boat began to pitch wildly about.

They had come within the influence of the meeting of the two waters, and for some time the little boat tossed and vibrated, and swung around in an alarming manner. But at length the swift current went on more smoothly, and the girls' fears of death were in a measure quieted.

And thus passed the moments, long, dark, and drear. Eleanor thought only of the knight in the prison, and of the terrible fate which might be his all through her mishap. Blanche was full of gloomy thought, also; though she feared most for her dear mistress, and of the blame which she attached to herself for having forgotten the oars.

On! on! on!—through storm and gloom and peril! They could not count the time—only they felt that hours and hours had gone, and that the night was wrongfully lengthened out. Eleanor had just laid her head upon her companion's shoulder when they were both startled by feeling the boat whirl round and round with incredible swiftness. They both cried out in terror, and while they cried they received a shock which threw them from their seat, backward, into the bottom of the boat.

Blanche was the first to gain her feet, and when she found that their little bark was stationary, and her eye could detect the difference between the water upon one hand and the land upon the other, she cried out:

"Oh! good Santa Maria. We are ashore! Eleanor—mistress—we are ashore!"

She would have helped the maiden up, but the latter had already arisen, and was gazing about her.

"Come," pursued Blanche, eagerly, "let us get on shore ere the current takes us off."

"Yes—hurry," returned Eleanor, who now realized their position.

It was soon found that the boat lay broadside upon the shore, and Blanche stepped out first. She found a secure footing, and then helped her mistress out. But which way now! They could see the foaming, rain-beaten river, and they could feel the matted grass beneath their feet. They moved on, away from the water, but were soon stopped by finding themselves in the mud, ankle deep. Quickly they drew back upon the tangled sward.

"Why move from here while it is so dark?" said Blanche, as they gained a secure footing. "We know not where we are, nor can we tell which way we go."

"We will stay here till daylight comes," returned Eleanor. "And then may God be with us to the end!"

So there they stood, beneath the pelting rain, till they were tired, and then they sat down upon the cold, soaking ground. Eleanor would have slept, but Blanche would not let her.

"It will be worse for you if you do," the faithful serving-maid said. "If we keep awake we may escape severe sickness; but oh! do not sleep."

And there they sat—to them a long, long time—until the first faint flush appeared in the east. Gradually they could see the bank of the river defined, and then the land grew more and more distinct. The clouds began to break away, and the rain ceased falling, and ere long they could distinguish objects for some distance about them. Their boat had been driven into a small cove where an eddy swept in, and there it lay, just as they had left it. Upon the other hand was a wide meadow, or marsh, which stretched away to distant upland and hills. They stood upon a narrow peninsula which was nearly surrounded by mud or water, and hence their failure to move in safety during the darkness. But the most cheering sight which met their gaze was the taper spire and well-defined housetops which were revealed to the eastward, against the now glowing sky. It was not far distant—not over half a league—and the girls knew it must be Buniel.

"We must hasten thither, and find horses as soon as possible," said Eleanor, as she started on.

"But have you money?" asked Blanche.

"Yes. When I went to the palace yesterday I knew not what might happen. I had heard that gold could sometimes even unlock a prison-door to admit a visitor, so I took some, and I have it with me yet."

"Then we can easily find horses," said the maid, in an easier tone.

The walk was a long and tedious one, but they accomplished it, and by the time the sun was half an hour high they entered the town, which proved, as they had supposed, to be Buniel. They stopped at the first inn they found, the sign of which had just arisen.

"We want horses for Burgos—good sir," said Eleanor, assuming all the boldness she could command.

"Horses, eh?" returned the man, who was a stout, short, red-faced fellow, with small eyes, and an oily look. "Want to steal 'em, I suppose."

"No, sir. We want you to send a man with us to the city to bring them back."

"And when you got there you couldn't pay, eh?"

"I'll pay you in advance for the three horses, and for the services of your man," said Eleanor, promptly.

"You couldn't stop to take breakfast, I suppose?" remarked the host, eyeing the applicant sharply.

"No, sir—that were impossible," cried our heroine, growing impatient. "Waste no more time, but let us have the horses."

"Now look 'ee; I don't know about this," said the man, with an immensely accute look. "I believe you are women in disguise."

"We are females, but not in disguise," quickly exclaimed Eleanor, throwing open her cloak, and revealing the rich dress beneath. "These garbs were put on to protect us from the chill air as we took a sail upon the river. The oars of our boat were lost to us—the current was strong—the gale came—the rain, and the thick darkness—and in the utter depth of night we were swept away. We had no means of managing our bark, and when we finally gained the shore it was by being driven into a whirlpool half a league below here."

"Ah—then you've had a toss in the Devil's Pot," chuckled mine host, with a broad grin.

"And a long night in wet and cold," added the maiden, "so let us have horses, for I see by your sign that you have a hostelrie here."

"But to what part of Burgos would ye go?" asked the man, curiously.

"To the Royal Palace," quickly replied Eleanor, with a trembling lip and flashing eye.

"Eh? To the palace. Now if I only thought that," rejoined the red publican, half to himself.

"Out upon thee, dolt!" cried the maiden, her impatience taking the lead. "Here—see the king's own order for our admittance to him—*on our return.*"

Thus speaking she drew a small roll of vellum from her bosom and handed it to the host. He opened it and turned it about in various ways, but seemed to make nothing of it. Just then his wife came to see what all the talking was about.

"Ah—here, Thed., see if you can read that," commanded the husband, handing the document to his better-half.

She took it, and after spelling it carefully through she turned to her companion with a look of wonder and alarm.

"It's from the king!" she uttered, in what was meant for a whisper, but which was plainly overheard by Eleanor. "It's an order for the immediate admittance of the lady when she comes back. Lord save that you havn't been rude to her. See her clothes. She's a noble lady. Be careful. What does she want?"

"Horses for Burgos."

"Of course you'll get your pay?"

"Ho—she says she'll pay in advance."

"Fool! Start thyself, and fetch the best thou hast."

The host made no reply to his wife, but turning to the applicant he handed back the parchment, and then asked—

"What will you give for the man and the three horses to Burgos?"

"Here—this broad piece of gold," she replied, showing a Castilian coin worth nearly twenty ducats.

"You will?" eagerly cried the publican, putting out his open palm.

"Not yet," returned Eleanor. "Let me see the horses at the door, all caparisoned, ready for a start, and it shall be yours."

The red face disappeared with marvelous quickness, and the hostess bade the ladies walk in. They did so, and furthermore accepted the offer of some good old wine which was brought from some secure and hidden retreat unknown to the usual frequenters of the house. It helped to start and warm the blood afresh in the girls' veins, and they felt better for it.

In a very few minutes the horses were at the door, one of them already mounted by a youth of some sixteen years, who wore an honest look that might be trusted. As Eleanor stepped out she placed the gold piece in the publican's hand. She did not stop to see him grasp it, and worship it, but vaulting quickly to her saddle, she gathered up the reins, and bade the youth start on.

"How far to Burgos?" she asked, after they were on their way.

"Just three leagues to the bridge, lady," replied the guide.

"And we can make the palace in an hour.—Stop.—No words. Another broad gold piece for you if you are with us there in that time!"

"Truly?—truly?"

"Aye—by my life!"

"Then these beasts shall travel as master never dreamed of. A broad gold piece! Santiago! I'll be rich!"

Thus speaking the fellow plunged the rowels into the flanks of his horse, and in a moment more the three animals were flying over the road at the top of their speed.

In half an hour they had reached the top of a hill which the guide assured them was over half-way, and from whence they could see the domes and spires of the capital flashing in the rich light of the morning sun.

"On! on!" cried Eleanor, as they dashed down the hill. "All the horses upon earth could not purchase one hour of the life I seek to save! On! for your broad gold piece—on!"

The foaming beasts dashed over the road, the white flakes flying from their flanks as they cut the balmy air, and within the hour they stood panting and quivering at the gates of the castle-palace.

"Santiago!" but wont this stiffen 'em!" soliloquised the hostler, as he gazed upon the foam-covered, trembling animals.

"Here, good sir—here are two broad pieces instead of one—so you can afford to stop and rest awhile at yonder inn. And accept my blessing, too."

Eleanor heard the warm thanks of the youth as she leaped up the broad steps that led to the drawbridge, but she turned not back to look at him. At the wicket she rang the bell, for the great gate was not yet open.

"'Tis too early for visitors," said the stout porter, looking out.

"No, no—See! It says admit me at whatever hour I may come! See!"

The soldier took the parchment and unfolded it, and in a few moments more the wicket was opened. Guard after guard was passed—there was much objection, and many *flat refusals—but the magic* pass was the "open sesame" to every door; and at length the maiden, wet, weary, and all covered with mud, sank upon her knees before the king, who was in his private room.

"Whom have we here?" the monarch cried. "How! the lady Eleanor?"

"Hold, sire!" the maiden exclaimed, starting to her feet just as Alfonso had moved forward to lift her up. "Hear me first!"

And then, in wild, but yet coherent tones, she went on to tell her story—of her visit to Enrique de Moneva—of his earnest denial—of his life-story—of his prayer and demand to meet his accuser in the lists before God and man—of his oath to serve his king—of her own interception by the prince—how he had dogged her, and forced her home—of her escape to the boat, and of the sad mishap that befell her, and the dangers through which she had passed.

"Save him! save him!" she cried, clasping the hands of the king, while the tears rolled down her pale cheeks. "Oh! hasten! hasten! Even now Nunez may be at his deadly work! Upon my life, a truer or braver knight Castile never had, nor her king a more loyal subject!"

"By the crown of my father, I'll see to this!" exclaimed Alfonso, now fired with interest. "I waited for thee last night, fair cousin. But of that anon.—— What ho, there!—Pedro!"

A boy quickly made his appearance.

"Go send the captain of our guard here. Bid him hasten for his life?"

Eleanor heard this order given, but she could hear no more. She simply said, "Blanche!" and would have fallen to the floor, had not the king himself caught her in his arms, and borne her to a couch. He knew that her maid was without, and he sent for her.

"By my soul!" the monarch murmured to himself, "there's something strange in this! If—— But no, no—that cannot be."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRE-CHAMBER!

"What think you now, Gomez?" asked Enrique, after Eleanor was gone. "Was I not fortunate in securing the love of such a being?"

"You found an angel, my master," returned the esquire, warmly. "But still," he added, hesitatingly, "you ran a risk."

"Love—true love—knows no risk," cried the knight, zealously. "It knows nothing but the bright sun that warms the soul, and leads the heart on to bask in its soft, witching light. Yet I own I did run a risk, or, I should say, I *ran the risk* of running a risk; for, as it turned out, our present situation has little or nothing to do with the love between the lady Eleanor and myself."

"True, my master—so it turns out. You ran your head into a trap, but instead of getting caught, you may have won a prize."

"A prize? Win her, Gomez? Do you think so?"

"Ah, my master, I did not mean that. I meant that you may have won your life, which the prince had surely meant to take from you."

"So?—Well—perhaps you are right. I should be wild to think of winning her. And yet—" Enrique hesitated, and then, as the quick, loud clash of his irons told how energetic was his movement, he added—"If the prince be champion of Castile now, I'll be the champion if I meet him! Gomez, answer me truly——"

"If I answer thee at all, it shall be as my best knowledge and belief shall dictate," said the esquire, earnestly.

"Then tell me: What think you would be the result of a meeting in the lists between the prince and myself?"

"The same as between a Nubian lion and a leopard," answered Gomez, quickly.

"And the lion, Gomez?"

"Came from the mountains, and slew the man most dreaded in all Castile!"

"By all that is good, my faithful Gomez, thou art right. Even with these fetters upon me, and this damp, noisome air about me, I feel that I could sweep the accursed villain from before me!"

"At all events," responded the esquire, soberly, and with perfect composure, "I should not fear of losing my master because the lance or the sword of Nunez de Castaneda was opposed to him."

Enrique expressed his gratitude for the flattering opinion thus exhibited, and then gave himself up to his own thoughts. Ere long they both sought their rough pallets, and were soon in the land of dreams. The knight slept long and soundly, and when he was finally aroused, it was by the voice of Gomez.

"Ho! My master! Some one is coming!"

The knight started up to a sitting position, and tried to collect his thoughts, but before he could fairly call to mind all that had passed—for he had been dreaming—the door of the dungeon was opened, and a number of men entered. One of them bore a lantern, which was placed upon the floor.

"ENRIQUE DE MONEVA!" pronounced one who held a paper in his hand.

"That is my name," answered our hero, within whose heart the spark of hope grew brighter, for he thought only of his message to the king, and the fair being who had borne it.

"GOMEZ BAMBILLO!" called the same voice.

"Is most assuredly—*here*," returned the esquire.

"Perhaps you'd like to stay—*here?*" suggested the official, not in a mild tone.

"Not if you'll take us to a better place," was the quick reply of Gomez.

"Well—we'll see what we can do for you," replied the man with the paper. Then turning to his followers, of whom there were six, he bade them cast off the chains and the foot-irons from the prisoners.

"But why not the manacles?" asked Enrique.

"We'll see to those at the proper time," was the response. "'Tis against the law of the prison to lead men forth entirely free."

Enrique said no more, but stood up to have the bonds taken from his feet, and when this was done, and the chain removed, he was led from the cell, two stout men taking him in charge, while two more politely waited upon Gomez. A fifth went ahead with the lantern, preceded by the official, while the sixth walked in the rear. Enrique could see but very little, for the only light he had was from the dim lantern, yet he could see that he was being led along a low, arched corridor of solid masonry, deep within the sides of which were sunken many doors. He fancied he was not gazing towards the place by which he had entered, and ere long he had confirmation of it, for they had come to a narrow, steep flight of stone steps, only wide enough for two men to go abreast. These they ascended, and they led to another corridor—still dark—but which, for some distance, had no doors upon its sides. By-and-by Enrique saw, a short way in advance, a point where the passage seemed to contract into a smaller arch. Perhaps this was the outlet—and yet he felt no fresh air. As he came up to the place, he saw that this was an arch built within the passage, and he fancied 'twas of iron! In a moment after he had passed the iron arch he was stopped. Further progress was cut off, for only solid walls were about them.

"Now we'll remove your manacles, and in a few moments you shall know your fate."

As the official thus spoke, his attendants cast off the irons, and then left the place. The officer had already gone. Enrique heard a deep, dull crash, as of the falling of some ponderous body, and he started towards the arch. The lantern had been left behind, and by its light the youth could now see quite plainly. He gained the arch, and—that was all! A solid wall had intervened! He caught up the lantern and hastened back. A massive door of iron, thickly studded with bolts, barred up the passage. He examined it to see if it could be opened, for he had heard no bolt moved, nor had any other act of securing it been apparent. He cast his eyes over it, and a cold shudder ran through his frame, and the lantern dropped from his grasp.

"What is it?" asked Gomez, in alarm.

"See!" gasped Enrique, pointing to the sides of the iron arch. "This door has been let down from above! It slides up and down in these grooves! it is no hinged affair, to grow rusty and shut slowly, but its own terrific weight brings it to its place in an instant. And see how tightly it shuts."

Gomez picked up the lantern, which had fallen in its proper position, and examined the door for himself. He found it just as his master had said. It had glided down, in neatly fitting groves, from some space above the arch, and was firm and tight.

"And the floor is of iron!" cried the esquire, after he had examined that portion of the place.

"Aye—and the walls, too," responded Enrique.

"And the ceiling," added the esquire—"that is iron as well!"

A further survey satisfied them that they were not mistaken. They were in an apartment about ten feet square, by the same in hight. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling, were formed by massive plates of iron, and the whole made into one secure mass by stout bolts not over an inch apart. Not an aperture—not even a chink of any kind could be found!

Gomez sat down the lantern and gazed into his master's face.

"And thus we are to die!" cried Enrique, clasping his hands upon his bosom. "Eleanor has failed in her mission!"

"How long can we live here, allowing that no air can get in or out?" asked Gomez.

"I know not, my dear Gomez. I am not skilled in such matters. Yet I think we shall want fresh air ere we want bread."

"The thought of such a death is terrible, master."

"Aye," returned Enrique, shuddering. "To die inch by inch—to feel young life ebbing away while the love for it grows stronger and stronger—to know that a tyrant—a villain of Satan's own coin—has the very heart that beats here within his power, to stop its pulsations at will—to know that sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor the sweet, balmy breath of Heaven, can cheer and soothe us more—and, alas! to feel that those bright, loving eyes will beam upon me never again—oh! 'tis fearful."

The young knight leaned against the iron wall, and bowed his head upon his hands; and thus he stood for some moments.

"It must be morning, Gomez," he said, at length.

"Aye—I should think so, my master."

"And if it is, what then," the youth murmured, half to himself. "What hope have I in the morning!—It must be well into the day"

Another season of silence ensued, which was broken by Gomez.

"How warm and sultry it grows here," he said, wiping big drops of sweat from his brow. "Do you not feel it, my master?"

"'Tis warmer than it was," returned Enrique, at the same time brushing the moisture from his own brow.

"How close!" uttered the esquire, a few moments afterwards. "My very feet feel the increasing heat!"

"Your FEET!" exclaimed the knight, starting as though an arrow had pierced his heart.

"Yes," said Gomez, astonished by the suddenness of his master's manner.

Enrique stooped down and laid the palm of his hand upon the iron floor.

"Great God!" he ejaculated, "we are in the FIRE CHAMBER."

"The *Fire Chamber!*" repeated Gomez, vacantly.

"Aye!" resumed Enrique, almost in frenzy: "That hellish invention of Almanzor, which he invented to roast Christians in. Feel of the floor! feel of the floor!"

Gomez stooped and laid his hand upon it, and found it hot!

"Ha—see there! Look! Oh, my God, look there, Gomez! See that fiend-spot!—See the monster's hand in its fiery hue of blood!"

Gomez looked, and in the further corner—the corner opposite the door—he saw a bright red spot which had not been there before; and as he watched he could see the curling atmosphere which circles up from great heat.

"*'Tis red-hot!*" he gasped.

"And 'twill be all red-hot ere long!" whispered his master, heavily.

"Holy Mother!" ejaculated Gomez, clasping his hands. "Is there no help?"

"The door!" cried Enrique, darting towards the arch. "Let us try it."

Gomez quickly followed him, and they tried to find a place upon which to gain a hold. They lifted against the bolt-heads, but their hands slipped, and the huge door moved not a hair. In frenzy they tried to force their fingers into the mortice beneath the iron mass, but it was filled entirely up by the iron which had fallen into it. Then, as the frenzy grew stronger upon them, they kicked against the metal plates with all their might, and cried out for help.

They could do no more.

"We might as well try to lift the big peak of the Morena," gasped Gomez, as he fell back against the opposite wall, faint and weak.

"There is no escape," groaned Enrique, as he turned from the door, and pressed his hands upon his brow.

"See!" whispered the esquire. "See how it grows! Oh! Holy Virgin, how hot!"

The knight gazed upon the red spot, and he saw that the whole corner had assumed the same fearful hue, forming a triangle of over a yard on each side. With glaring eyes the youth stood and watched the advancing demon. His breath came hot and quick, and great drops rolled down his face. The atmosphere of the room was heated to an intense degree, and respiration was labored and painful.

Once more Enrique rushed to the door and pressed his lips against its edge. He tried to draw in cool air from the groove, but only a noisome stench of rancid grease and rust greeted his senses. He laid his tongue upon the iron, but [illegible] upon his own flesh. He turned his gaze upon the opposite corner, and the sides of the triangle were longer still. The place had become an oven, and the victims now breathed only in destroying heat.

The knight turned his weakening gaze upon his faithful attendant, and saw that he was sinking upon the floor. The poor fellow's tongue was fearfully swollen, and he forced it out as though for fresh air.

"We'll die together!" Enrique gasped, as he sank down by his companion's side. "Gomez—God have mercy on our souls!"

Gomez tried to say Amen, but he could not. He could only return his master's embrace, and gaze up with a pious, prayerful look.

In a moment more the knight himself was beyond the power of speech. The changes came quickly now. The heat of the red floor had absorbed all life-sustaining principle, and imparted its own fatal fervor to the walls and the ceiling. Enrique felt a terrific pressure upon his lungs—he gave one gasp—and he could breathe no more! Wildly he started to his feet, with the last effort of his expiring strength, for the floor beneath him had become insupportable. He threw his arms aloft, and tried in vain to expand his chest. There was no air to breathe, and the lungs could not move!

Enrique de Moneva saw the red demon upon the floor—it spread—it grew—it took fantastic shapes—imps and demons leaped out from the mass of torment—the brain reeled—the sight failed—and heat and night closed the scene of pain; for, all unconscious, the youth had sunk—a hopeless thing, without life or motion, at the feet of his esquire!

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT THE DOCTORS DID.

The king paced uneasily up and down his chamber, and ever and anon he would mutter half-formed sentences to himself. But very soon the door was opened, and a tall, stout knight entered the king's presence.

Sir Rinaldo de Pedrosa had been captain of the royal guard during the latter part of Sancho's reign, and as he had proved himself capable of thorough devotion to the master whom he could both serve and honor, Alfonso had retained him in the important office. He was past the middle age, but still firm and erect, and vigorous as ever. He bowed low as he entered, and then awaited the royal will.

"Sir Rinaldo," spoke the king, stopping in his walk, and calming himself, "Go at once to the Almanzor prison, and bring me the bodies of Sir Enrique de Moneva and Gomez Bambillo, his esquire. Make all haste, and bid the jailer deliver them in your hands without delay. And further: See the jailer only; and bid him to tell the prince Nunez nothing at all of this matter. If the Prince has ordered anything done to those prisoners, tell him to assure Nunez that his order has been obeyed. You understand?"

"Yes, sire."

"Here is my signet. Keep it safely, and return with all speed."

Alfonso took a heavy ring from his finger, and handed it to his captain, and then the latter withdrew. When he arrived at the prison he found the jailer in his office, to whom he delivered his errand.

"How!" cried the keeper, turning pale, "de Moneva?"

"Aye, and his esquire. Hasten, sir turnkey, for the king will brook no delay. He is eager and excited. Lead the way at once."

"San Jago, it must be at once, or the bodies are all you'll carry!" cried the jailer, as he hurried from his office. "Follow me—quick!"

In the ante-room he stopped and lighted a lantern, and then hastened off; and when he reached the open court he called four men who were there to come with him. On he went, through passage, arch, and corridor—up the narrow stone steps—on still, until he came to the sliding-door in the iron arch. Just within a small recess was a windlass, and upon this the four men were quickly set at work. Slowly the ponderous door began to rise, and out rushed a volume of heat, that came nigh suffocating the old captain.

"In God's name," he cried, "what is all this!"

"Stop not to learn of this, but hasten to find what it has done," responded the jailer, leaping into the cell as soon as the door was raised high enough. "In here, Captain. I fear they are both dead!"

Rinaldo hurried in, and for an instant he was horror-stricken. He had heard of this chamber, but never before had seen it. However, he stopped not long to consider. He simply saw the glowing, incandescent floor, and felt the Tartarian heat, and then turned to where lay a human form—the jailer had snatched away the other one—which he hastily dragged from the fiery pit.

"Here," cried the keeper to his four men, "help us up with these bodies. Up! up!—The door to the left—open, quick!"

A small door, flush with the wall, and almost undistinguishable from the surrounding rock, was opened, and the two lifeless forms were born up a flight of winding stairs, which led to the top of one of the turrets, where they were placed upon the cold stone. As soon as this was done one of the men was dispatched at once for the physician of the prison.

"There is little need of a physician, I fear," said the old knight, as he knelt and placed his hand over Enrique's heart. "My faith, what a magnificent form!" he continued, as he ran his eyes over the inanimate body before him. "What power there must have been in those two arms! And see this chest—what a cuirass it must have borne! By San Jago! he was a brave knight and true, or I'm not a knight myself. But is not this horrible! See this blistered flesh, and this swollen tongue! Oh! Alfonso will surely hold some one to an account for this."

"'Twas the Prince," cried the jailer, who felt little pity for the victims, but much fear of the consequences. "His power is not to be questioned by me."

"I know it," resumed Rinaldo, casting a look of disgust upon the minion. "I know it. But you must be a man of happy dreams, while your hands are reeking with the foul taint of such work."

"Oh," uttered the hardened man, shrugging his shoulders, "no man can judge of his neighbor's heart, or dreams, by the work he does for a master. When I was a boy I couldn't stand by and see a goat killed, my heart was so tender. But in the service of my king I have been forced to stifle these feelings."

"*In the service of your king!* out upon thee, knave!" cried the knight, with furious indignation. "Alfonso never consigned a fellow-Christian to torture—never! He never sent a human being to that hell-chamber! Beware how you use the king's name, or it shall be worse for thee!"

"Pardon, good Sir Rinaldo," quickly returned the cringing menial. "I meant the royal power as manifested in the Prince Nunez. I meant not our fair king in person—oh, no—he is most kind of heart."

"And yet I advise you never to put his kindness to the test," remarked the knight, with a significant compression of the lips and elevation of the eyebrows.

The jailer made no reply, for just then the physician entered. He was an elderly man, and though wearing a hardened look upon his face, yet he possessed a good share of intelligence, and was one of the most skillful surgeons in the city."

"Can they live?" asked Rinaldo, after the physician had examined them a few moments.

"I don't know. I see no signs of life yet," he answered. "It may be that the swelling of the tongues has kept the blistering heat from the lungs. But you must send for the king's physician at once, and in the meantime bring me cold water and linen bandages. Quick, now, for there is no time to lose."

One of the attendants was despatched for the king's surgeon, with the caution to lisp no word of what had happened save to the physician himself, and another was sent for such articles as were wanted by the present operator.

Everything was done that could be done. The surgeon of the king came, and he labored hard and without ceasing.

"If this spark grows to a flame 'twill be a miracle!" cried the royal physician, as he discovered a sign of motion about the heart.

* * * * *

Enrique de Moneva awoke and gazed around. For some time all was vague and indistinct. Finally his sight grew stronger, and he could distinguish objects about him. He was in an apartment of moderate size, the light of which came through windows of deeply colored glass, which softened and subdued it. The walls—where he could see them—were of dark green tapestry, and the heavy hangings of the bed were of the same hue, though of silken texture. Everything about betokened refinement and wealth.

Then the knight closed his eyes and gradually recalled the past. At first he had difficulty in separating the actual from the ideal of his dreams, but finally the whole was opened to his memory. He remembered the arrest—the imprisonment—the coming of Eleanor—the message he sent—the coming of the jailer and his guard—the iron den of death, and the red demon he had encountered there. It was all vivid now. He saw the fiery spot once more—he remembered his pain, his sufferings, and his final sinking to the seething floor. But he could call to mind no more.

Was he really upon the living earth? He started to a sitting posture, and gazed about him. Surely he was. He breathed; he saw; he felt;—aye, he felt acute pain over all his body; he was lame, sore and faint. He had just lain back upon his pillow, which was of downy softness, when the door was noiselessly opened, and a tall, richly-attired man, well advanced in years, entered.

"Ha!" he uttered, while a glad expression lighted up his face, "have sense and reason come? Are you conscious, Sir Enrique?"

"Yes. I have just awakened, good sir," the invalid returned, in a feeble tone, for he found his throat very sore.

"Where am I?"

"You are in good hands."

"And who are you?"

"My name is Espinar."

"How?—the king's physician?" cried Enrique, his face gleaming with sudden hope.

"Yes."

"And am I in the royal palace?"

"You are."

"But tell me," resumed the young knight, growing more earnest, "how came I here? How was I saved? Was I not——"

"Stop, good sir," interrupted the physician, laying his finger lightly upon the youth's lips, "you must not talk too much yet. I will explain without your asking. A fair messenger came to the king fer permission to see you——"

"Eleanor de——"

"Yes," broke in Espinar, "it was the lady Eleanor. And on her way back from the prison on that night she met with a mishap."

The physician saw that his patient was full of anxiety to question him, so he told the whole story, as he had heard it from the king, of Eleanor's mishaps and perilous adventures on that night of storm and flood.

Enrique tried to speak, but tears filled his eyes, and his bosom swelled till he fairly sobbed. He was yet weak, and his feelings easily wrought upon.

"She arrived here early in the day," continued the doctor, "and the king, as soon as he had heard her story, sent his captain for you at once. Half an hour afterwards I received a summons to attend at the prison. I went, and found you and your esquire upon one of the turrets, and to all appearances dead. Yet I went at work upon you, while the prison surgeon took charge of your companion. At length I found life—a mere spark, but yet a vital one. We found a bed for you there, and finally I could feel the pulsations of your heart. After nightfall you were brought hither, and here you have been ever since. For a while you lay in a state of torpor, and then you raved, and so you were torpid and raving by turns. All I could do was to apply remedies for the healing of your internal injuries, and I think I have succeeded. You are in a fair way of recovery now."

"Bless you, sir—bless you!" fervently ejaculated the invalid.

"Bless the lady Eleanor and the king—not me," said the physician.

"Nay—not so, good sir. I bless all who are kind to me. But tell me—how long have I lain here?"

"To-morrow will be the end of the third week."

"What? So long?"

"Yes, and for many days I feared you would not survive it, but your youth and mighty constitution bore you up."

"And Gomez?—how is he?"

"Better than you are."

"O! I am glad of that!" the knight ejaculated, fervently. "Good Gomez! He is a faithful fellow, sir."

"So I should suppose. But say—did not he faint before you did in that heated chamber?"

"Yes—some time before me. I raved for breath a long while after he had ceased all motion."

"So I supposed. You inhaled more of the hot air than he did. But you are safe now, though it must be sometime ere you can be strong again."

"The Prince Nunez—Where is he?" asked Enrique, trembling with deep feeling.

"He is now at his palace at Santa Maria de Rosal. But he knows nothing of your having been saved. He thinks you dead and buried beneath the walls of the prison, for so the jailer was instructed to tell him."

"But why was that?"

"Simply that he should not be plotting against your life while you were regaining it."

"Do you know why he seeks my life?" the youth asked, with sudden earnestness.

"No. I know nothing about it at all. But you had better talk no more now. Here—drink of this."

The physician handed him a cup from the table, and Enrique found it to be a mild, soothing syrup of fruit and alspice. After this Espinar took his leave, promising to call again soon, and in the meantime to send some one to watch with him.

This watcher proved to be an old woman, kind, considerate, and trusty. She ministered to all the invalid's wants, but she would not converse with him, explaining, in reason thereof, that the physician had strictly forbidden her.

The next time Espinar came our hero ventured to ask after Eleanor de Velasco; but the physician could tell him nothing, only that her father kept her very close at home.

Two more weeks passed away, making five weeks in all since that almost fatal morning, and the young knight was not only able to walk about his room, but his face had regained much of its freshness and beauty. Good Gomez was with him, and was the stronger of the two. They had been together a week.

They were conversing for the hundredth time upon the subject of their remarkable deliverance, when the door was opened, and a man whom Enrique had never before seen, entered the apartment. But the knight was not long in doubt. There was but one in the kingdom who wore that robe, and he—THE KING. Enrique knelt at the monarch's feet, saying as he did so—

"Sire, Heaven bless and protect thee!"

In a moment Gomez, who had been staring at the new-comer with eyes and mouth wide open, sank down also.

"You recognize me then," said Alfonso, raising the youth to his feet as he spoke.

"I recognized your insignia, sire."

"So. Well, well—a king without his robes would be no king at all to those who knew not his face. But be seated."

The knight obeyed, and the monarch sat down near him. Enrique gazed eagerly into Alfonso's face, and the latter gazed as earnestly into his.

"I should have known your face, sire," our hero at length said.

"Should you?" returned the king, with a start.

"Aye, but not as my sovereign. I have surely seen it before."

"Where?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But I can tell you the truth, sir knight: You never saw me before. Or—at least—I think you never did. And you," added Alfonso, turning to Gomez, "I suppose you fancy *you* have seen me, too, if I may judge from the manner in which you gaze upon me."

"Pardon, sire!" cried the poor fellow, really frightened.

"O—I meant no reproof," returned the king, smiling; "I only wished to know if you thought you had seen me before."

"I'm sure I have, your majesty."

"Where?"

"I' faith, that's more than I can tell," answered Gomez, with a puzzled look.

"Look well at me, and say if you ever saw me till now," resumed the king, turning full upon the esquire.

"Well—upon my soul," said Gomez, "I could swear I'd seen you somewhere."

"Never mind. If you were never in Burgos before, then I much doubt if you ever saw me till this hour. But to business. Sir Enrique, you have demanded the privilege of meeting Nunez de Castaneda in the lists."

"Aye, sire," returned the youth, while the rich blood mounted to his face, and the old fire came to his dark eye. "As a true knight of Castile—as one wrongfully accused—I demand the right accorded to every knight of Christendom, to meet my accuser, and see if God will help him sustain his charge?"

Enrique had arisen while speaking, and as his bright eye burned, and his broad bosom swelled; and as the tones of his rich, full voice fell in noble music upon the air, the king started to his feet and took a step forward. There was a strange tremor in his frame, and his lip quivered; but the emotion was quickly overcome, and, as though no great struggle had taken place, he said:

"The boon shall be granted thee upon one condition:—Prove to me that thou art a true knight."

"Send a messenger to John of Navarre," quickly replied Enrique. "All my effects were left at the inn whence I was taken to prison, and I have not seen them since. There I had the very spurs worn by the Navarrese king himself, which he took from his own heels, and gave to me."

"I'll trust your word, Sir Enrique," responded the king, "though I may inform you that all your effects are safe at the inn where you left them. And now you must go back to the mountains and remain until you are perfectly recovered. You will gain your lost strength much faster than here. Do you not think so?"

"Aye, sire—I'm sure I should. Among those mountains I could soon nerve this arm up to its former power and cunning."

"And beside," added Alfonso, "you cannot exercise here, for the prince must not see you."

"Could you tell me why the prince thus seeks my life?" the youth asked, with some hesitation.

"I have never asked him beyond the simple accusation he brought against you," replied Alfonso. "When you have disproved that it will be time for me to question him. But I have business that calls me away. Your effects shall be brought from the inn, and to-morrow evening you shall set out for Reynosa, whence I understand you came."

"Yes, sire—just north of Reynosa."

"You shall see me, or hear from me, again; and until then keep your eyes open." And thus speaking the king withdrew.

"San Jago!—I *have* seen him before!" muttered Gomez, half to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

RAVAGES BY WOLVES IN HUNGARY.

STORY TOLD BY A JEWISH GENTLEMAN.

In the winter of 1829 and '30, there was an unusual quantity of snow in Hungary. Although a native and resident of that country, I never knew the wolves so troublesome any other year as they then were. Those animals are much more numerous than might be expected, from the peculiar surface of the land, there being no mountains except the Carpathian, on the border, and a spur from them dividing the country. The vast plains, extending two or three hundred miles, are generally open, inhabited, cultivated, with few trees, and no secure retreats for wild animals, except the marshes, which are numerous and extensive enough to secure many wolves from pursuit. All the men are required by law, to devote one day in the year to hunting wolves; but yet they continue to exist in considerable numbers. While the ground remains bare, even in cold, winter seasons, the Hungarians generally feel no apprehensions of them; but when the snows are deep and lie long, those animals become very fierce and bold, from the want of food. The season of which I have spoken was the most memorable on these accounts within the memory, I believe, of all living men.

I was then residing in the town of Hold-mezo-Vasarhely, which contains about 40,000 inhabitants. I was private tutor in a Swiss family, where, according to the invariable rule, I taught Hebrew with the German language, using the Hebrew bible as the reading-book. There were about twenty persons killed and eaten by wolves in that winter, of 1829–'30, in the country around. Within perhaps six or seven miles or more, many of the citizens have country-seats, or farms, where they keep provisions of various kinds in store, under the charge of servants, and thither they frequently go or send, to bring what they require for family use. When the wolves had become ravenous with hunger, they began to show great boldness, and attacked one person after another on the way between the city and the farms. The alarm was soon spread; and it was also reported, that in some other places wolves had even entered villages, and assaulted the inhabitants. Our citizens, therefore, went armed whenever they went into the country; but this precaution did not always secure their lives. The wolves first seized the horses, and afterwards fell upon the persons who rode or drove them; and, as they often came in considerable numbers, it was of little use to shoot one, or a few more: for the remainder of the pack were generally numerous and bold enough to overpower the men. It was very sad to hear frequent reports of new cases, from persons who found the bones of the horses, and other remains left on the road by the ravenous beasts.

A Calvinist-Protestant pastor of one of the churches of our town was among the victims. While riding in the country with an attendant, a pack of wolves came upon them, sprang upon his horse, and soon pulled him down; and then rushing upon the men from all sides at once, soon overpowered and killed them. A number of those powerful beasts, mad with hunger, would soon devour a human body; and there was seldom or never any considerable number of passengers near and daring enough to interfere.

Some accounts I heard represented the wolves as eating an incredible amount of flesh. I heard this story of a Jew. On his way to Pesth, with a wagon-load of wild-geese for market, he was followed by a single wolf, who appeared so powerful, bold and savage that he was afraid of him. Hoping to satisfy him, or at least to detain him long enough to allow his horse to take him to the city, he threw out one of his geese. But the wolf tore it in pieces, and swallowed it in a moment, almost without stopping, and then followed the wagon as before. A second goose was thrown him, and a third, which were treated in the same manner; and, although the poor man hurried his horse as fast as he could, and every moment expected the wolf to abandon the chase, the animal seemed to be insatiable, and, if possible, more furious, active, and dangerous than before. The poor Jew escaped with his life, but not without losing his entire load of geese; for he was so closely pursued by the wolf, that he found it necessary to give him the last before he could reach the city. T. D.

WHY IS IT?

There are few persons who are more obnoxious to general ridicule than inventors. The world seems ever well disposed to enjoy a broad grin at the schemes, and a hearty laugh at the failures, of those who, having the sphere of their vision extended a few yards farther from their nasal organ than their prosing, plodding consociates, are enterprising enough to enter beyond the pale of tangibilities, and seek honor and renown in the boundless field of unachieved discovery. "*That is impossible,*" is a favorite phrase of the ignorant.

DREAMINGS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
Beneath the Heaven of thine."

The young moon sweetly floats
Across the blue and silent seas of Night;
And from afar some lonesome song-bird's notes
Die on the misty light.

My cheek burns with a glow
From olden fires—and tears rush to mine eye,
For I am on the earth—mid change and woe—
And thou art in the sky.

Roses that bloom to fade,
Birds whose sweet songs are hushed in storm and chill,
Lights that are quenched in tears or midnight shade,
All these are round me still.

But thou—canst thou not see
The *nearer* glory of each burning star?
Art thou not winged with light, and blest and free,
Where all things lovely are?

Were I to call on thee
Till my voice failed in my lonely heart,
Say, would one echo ever float to me
From where I know thou art?

Might I not wander o'er
Each league of earth, each deep wave of the sea,
And search the beauty of each storied shore
In vain—in vain for thee?

Could I climb thro' the clouds,
As the pale moon climbed on thy brida. night,
I'd go to meet thee mid the radiant crowds
That throng each starry hight.

* * * * * *

CLAUDE FRESNE.

BY CORA BELL.

On the borders of the forest of Marfaux, near the town of that name, and distant thirty-two leagues from Paris, stands a substantial, old-fashioned mansion, half chateau, half farm-house. It is built in the quaint Norman style of architecture, encircled in a little domain of fields and orchards, and sheltered from the dusty highroad by a belt of tall, shadowy trees.

Chateau Fresne was part of a fief that belonged to a family, who, though not noble, had for generations occupied the rank of landed proprietors, and had originally owned as many acres as they could survey from its tall, narrow windows, but the last head of the family, a gay, dissipated man, had lost all by gambling; and even this humble portion of a once princely estate his widow had only been permitted to retain during her life. Worn out with sorrow, Madame Fresne died while yet in the prime of life, and her two children were left destitute of even a home. The walls of a neighboring convent offered an asylum to the girl; and the son, who had studied for the law, prepared a few weeks after his mother's demise, to set out for Paris, with the view of completing his legal studies.

His mother's grave—the grassy fields—the gardens, with their moss-grown walks—the fountain in the forest, by whose brink he used to spend long hours in dreamy reverie—every familiar haunt—every nook of that loved home was visited for the last time, then Claude Fresne took his portmanteau from the hands of old Antoine, and embracing with dutiful affection this faithful servitor, mounted his horse and rode away.

The summer's sun shone brightly through the branches of the forest trees, that bent over the path as the youth galloped lightly on, from time to time bending gracefully in his seat to avoid a blow from their luxuriant boughs. It was a lovely morn, the air was crisp and dry, the blue sky unrippled by a single cloud, and the birds sang pleasantly as they hopped from twig to twig. The youth himself was one right pleasant to look upon, with a frank, ingenuous countenance, and a quick, sparkling eye, in which an observer might have detected a spirit rather too prompt to resent a wrong, but for the sweet smile that played about his full, good-humored lips. Even his garb, though somewhat coarse and rustic, could not disguise the fair proportions of a figure singularly light and graceful.

The young man reverently removed his cap, as he alighted before the walls of the St. Madeleine, and in a few moments was clasped in the arms of a young girl, whose features, though softer and more beautiful, bore a too decided resemblance to his own not to warrant the supposition of their being brother and sister.

"And you are going, dear Claude," murmured the young lady, tearfully.

"Yes, dear Lusette; but fear not, I will return soon, or send for you. Promise me, my sister, that you will not grieve, and I will face the world more bravely."

With mingled tears and smiles the sister promised. She cut off one of her shining, brown curls, and proudly fastening some holy relic round his neck, she kissed him again and again, then stood waving her white hand at the little wicket of the convent till he was out of sight.

Making a sudden detour in his course, the young man now patted his horse's neck, and the sagacious animal, as if obeying a well-known signal, trotted lightly up a little green lane, at some distance from the convent, whose gray walls were still visible through the trees. The youth alighted, unlatched a little gate sunk in the wall, and followed demurely by his steed, entered a well-kept pleasance, or flower-garden. Parterres of Flora's choicest treasures rose out of the mossy turf, and clumps of orange and myrtle were interspersed with peach and plum trees, which, laden with ripe fruit, bent over the paths.

Claude, followed by his horse, who skillfully kept on the broad, graveled walk, bent his steps to a little rustic arbor, at the top of the garden. He had hardly seated himself, when a young girl started from behind the trees that encircled it.

She certainly was not city bred, or she would not have exclaimed with such charming *naivete:*

"Oh, Claude, I have been tired to death waiting for you!" A confession which the young gentleman immediately took advantage of, by putting his arms round her and kissing her rosy cheek in the most impudent manner, and which we regret to say was only resented by the lady's blushing and sitting down beside him.

"I have to crave your pardon, dear Julie," said the youth, and he took prisoner one of the little hands that played with the ribbands of her straw hat, and gazed fondly in her face; "but I had so much to do. This is my last day, you know. Nay, dear one, no tears now; remember, I will soon come to claim this loved hand," and he rapturously pressed it to his lips.

Though not, perhaps, what a connoisseur in female beauty would call lovely, Julie de Charente was certainly as fascinating a young lady as ever inspired a lover's raptures. How shall we describe her? She was not very tall, or very sylph-like, or ethereal; on the contrary, her brown cheeks were as round and as red as apples; no symptoms of constitutional delicacy were visible in her plump figure, for her tight-fitting Joseph of green silk scarcely confined the swelling luxuriance of eighteen summers; her large, hazel eyes, soft as those orbs always are, yet sparkled with laughing witchery, and would have indicated a joyous spirit even without the rosy mouth, arched like Cupid's bow; and the presence of a nose of that peculiar style termed by the French, *le petite nez retrousse:* that is, one which actually turns up with merriment. Such was Julie's; but where a less entranced vision might behold only ordinary charms, Claude had discovered perfection.

Nearly an hour had passed, and the lovers still sat in that plesant arbor, engrossed in that delightful converse which takes no note of time. It was a charming picture. Claude's arm was round her waist, and her dark eyes were fixed upon his face as if drinking in those eloquent words. The horse, too, made part of it, for he browsed quietly beside them, occasionally putting his huge head into the young lady's lap to eat the handfuls of grass which she held temptingly to his mouth.

"Adieu, dear Julie, and believe me I will work hard until I have gained a competence sufficient to satisfy thy father."

"Ah, dear, excellent Claude, thou must not work too hard," said Julie, bursting into tears. "Remember, dear, Madame Fresne often said you tasked your strength too much."

They parted, with loving words and sanguine hopes, for youth is ever so, and colors the future with its own bright imaginings.

It had been morn when the lovers met, and now the mid-day sun had bathed every object in his glowing beams, when Claude Fresne reined up his horse on the eminence that overlooked the mansion of the Sieur de Charente, Julie's father. The youth took a last look at it, and the convent, whose spire was still visible, and with murmured blessings on the loved ones they contained, he galloped forward. The horse, fresh and strong, bounded rapidly over the road, and he was soon many miles on his journey.

He had traveled for some hours when he suddenly became aware that he had forgotten in the arbor his valise, containing not only a change of clothes but letters and provisions for the road, carefully packed by old Antoine. Though annoying enough to a traveler, the circumstance gave him more chagrin on account of the uneasiness he knew it would give Julie when she discovered it.

The shades of evening were falling, when he overtook a stout, middle-aged man, with a lame leg. The frank, jovial face of the man, was in itself prepossessing; but when Claude saw by his tattered red coat he was a soldier his heart warmed to the veteran. His father had been in the army, and though he had met an untimely doom, when Claude was yet a boy, he reverenced his memory as associated in his remembrance with much that was good and noble.

The old man politely expressed himself glad of the youth's company, and they entered into conversation. He was going, he said, to Rheims, and hoped to be able to reach it before night. Coming to a little sparkling stream, shaded from the road by a clump of elders, Jacques Prevost, as he styled himself, sat down, and invited his companion to share his supper.

Despite of love and philosophy, we feel hunger keenly at twenty. Mentioning the case of his portmanteau, Claude gladly accepted the old soldier's invitation, and dined very heartily from the contents of the wallet. Jacques seasoned his repast with an occasonal pull from a rotund wicker flask; but Claude preferred quenching his thirst from the pure stream that ran bubbling beside him.

They bade each other adieu when they came to an old Roman cross, beneath which a huge sign-post pointed out the road to Rheims, and Claude rode on alone. Lost in thought, he became suddenly aware that a storm was impending; his horse neighed wildly, and presently large drops of rain fell, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Claude looked about for shelter, for the rain now became a downpour, and clap after clap of thunder reverberated overhead. Many villages were in sight, but not knowing the paths that led to them, he saw no way of reaching them, save by trampling the ripe corn and vines, a proceeding that would have subjected him to the resentment of the peasants.

He was about to take shelter in the dense forest which bordered the high road, when he thought he discerned something white gleaming through the increasing darkness. That moment his horse turned by instinct into a narrow path nearly overgrown with grass. A large dilapidated building was now before him. The windows were broken, no gleam of cheerful light was visible, and from the desolate aspect of the place it seemed that no earthly beings dwelt within.

But the storm raged so violently, that, determined to try could he obtain shelter, he knocked boldly with the heavy handle of his riding-whip; but dull, hollow echoes were his only answer. Seeing some outhouses and stables near, he thought he might probably find one open, and was turning away to try, when the door was unbolted, but still left cautiously fastened by a chain. A thin, pale little man, in a dress of worn livery, asked his business; at the same time Claude saw a stern, gloomy-looking face, with a long black beard, appear at one of the lower windows.

"Rest for the night, or shelter till the storm be past," said Claude.

A volley of curses came from the broken window.

"Be gone! we give no shelter to vagrants and robbers."

Claude replied indignantly, but the man looking at him with a stolid and immoveable look banged the door in his face.

Our hero was human; naturally of a warm but affectionate temper, he was easily moved to anger; and now drenched with rain, and tired to death, he was in no mood to submit to such churlish usage; he again raised his whip and let fall a perfect storm of blows upon the stout oaken door, and upbraided the inmates of the mansion in no measured terms for their unhospitality. The moon had now risen, and by its pale beams he saw the face at the window suddenly change its whole aspect—the eyes dilated as it in terror—the lips quivered tremulously. He remained for some moments gazing at him, then the same deep sonorous voice desired the door to be opened. The rigid, ghostly face of the old servant again appeared, and desired Claude to follow a path to the right, and he would find a stable, then to come back.

The youth obeyed, and was fortunate enough to find an abundant supply of hay for his steed. He then followed his conductor into a large gloomy hall. Though in the latter end of summer, it felt cold and damp, and the storm shook and rattled the broken windows with a violence that almost sent them in.

The man kindled up a billet of wood that lay half expiring in the ample grate, and lighting a large iron chandelier overhead, he placed some bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine upon the table. All this was done in silence, and Claude thought, as he looked at his rigid, bloodless countenance, that he had seldom seen a more ill-favored one. However, he soon left the room, and the youth eat his supper, and then taking out his sabre, laid it beside him. The storm still continued, but the fire began to brighten and diffuse a cheerful warmth. The wine, too, was excellent, and he was sinking back in a drowsy slumber, whose last perceptive consciousness was the thought of Julie, when the door opened, and a tall, noble-looking man, still in the meridian of life, but bearing evident marks of ill-health, and mental depression, entered. One glance, though nearly half asleep, and Claude recognized the face he had seen at the window. It was a face to haunt one for a lifetime, lean and gaunt, with dark lurid eyes, in which tropic lightnings seemed to dwell; the traces of fiery passions, too, were visible in the deep furrows of brow and cheek; but there was an expression of such profound misery and anguish visibly stamped on every lineament, that Claude felt touched and interested in the individual before him.

The stranger bowed with a grave stateliness, and motioning Claude, who had risen, to be seated, he regarded him long and attentively, then said abruptly—

"Where is your mother, Claude Fresne?"

Surprised at the stranger's knowledge of him, the young man answered that she was dead.

A convulsive spasm passed over the man's face.

"Dead! Ah! is she, indeed, gone," said he half aloud, as if speaking to himself.

"Did you know my mother?" said Claude.

"Yes. I am Henri St. Maur."

Claude shook his head as he said—

"I have not heard my mother ever speak of you."

A groan burst from the stranger, and his eyes gleamed wildly for a moment.

"Ah! then you have not been taught to hate me. Your mother was, indeed, an angel. Young man, you see before you a fallen wretch, whose evil passions have wrecked his own happiness as well as that of others. I am that unhappy Count St. Maur, to whom your father gambled away his once stately lands."

"Indeed!" said Claude, coldly. "I have often wished to know the name of him who had treated us so barbarously, but I would not intrude on my mother's sorrows."

"Isabel is gone," said the count, solemnly. "A mortal malady is eating into my vitals. But before I go I would fain expiate my offenses towards her, by the most ample restitution to her children. That I have long intended this, you will find by the date of my will, lodged in the hands of Mr. Lamont, of Rheims. I would fain have asked her forgiveness, but my evil temper would not let me. God has, perhaps, taken pity, and sent you to bestow it on me this night. Listen! but do not reproach me. I loved your mother with a love so deep and passionate that it absorbed every faculty of my soul. I counted madly on her acceptance of that love. She saw thy father—he was a rich plebeian—I, a poor, landless noble. She chose him, and rejected me. I swore revenge. I will not tell you by what arts I compassed the destruction of my hated rival. Suffice it, every faculty of my mind was put in operation. I became that man's evil genius. I courted, soothed and flattered a temper weak, facile, and fond of pleasure. I induced him to enter the army, as bringing him more within my sphere of influence. Gambler, drunkard, soon he required no spur—acre by acre, I or others gambled from him. He forsook his wife, and sold even the home that sheltered her misery. I had become rich; and what he did not lose to me, I purchased from him. In my mad rage I would have driven forth poor Isabel; but a benevolent lawyer obtained a decree for her to hold it during her lifetime. At last, *I met thy father* a houseless wretch. He upraided me as the cause of his ruin, and struck me. Then I poured out the pent up malice of my heart. While he yet cowered under the shock, we met, and at the first fire thy unhappy father fell."

"Wretch, monster!" exclaimed Claude, starting to his feet. "Why tell me of these things? Had you no heart, no human feelings——"

The count bowed his head upon his hands; when he raised it his gaunt, worn face was wet with tears.

"Oh! spare me. I have been on the verge of insanity, and now the last sands of my life are ebbing away in desolate misery. I would make reparation. Tell me what shall I do. Some prophetic instinct tells me that Isabel has forgiven me, and that I shall soon see her."

Affected by the misery of the unhappy St. Maur, Claude freely extended his forgiveness to him; he also related his own history, and his view in coming to Paris. But on many points he found that the count was already intimately informed, and that he had handsomely provided for Lusette in his will.

After some further conversation, the count rung a small bell that lay on the table, and the same servant appeared.

"Valby," said he to the man, "prepare the chamber next mine for this young gentleman."

The man bowed and disappeared, but not before Claude noticed that he darted a very peculiar look at him.

The count retired, leaving Claude in a tumult of thought. Not seeing Valby return, he opened the door and went to the foot of the stairs; but all was darkness and silence; and thinking the man had forgotten him, he returned, and, too well satisfied with the course of events to grumble at any temporary inconvenience, he wrapped his cloak about him and threw himself across the hearth.

He might have slept a couple of hours, when he was awakened by the stealthy tread of footsteps near him. Almost believing himself still asleep, he started up and groped for his sword, which he had left beside him; it was gone; and, to his consternation and terror, he saw that moment two dark figures glide towards the door. He rushed towards them, but they disappeared, and to his surprise he found the door locked. He listened in anxious suspense, and heard the tread of heavy feet distinctly overhead; then a wild, terrible cry rang out on the still night air. It was followed by another, in which he thought he heard his own name mingled. That moment the moon, clear after the recent storm, gleamed through the window, and he caught sight of a human face peering at him from the outside.

Frantic with generous indignation, for he felt sure the unfortunate count was being murdered, the young man called loudly, and, careless of danger to himself, even threatened vengeance. But all was silent as the grave. Sick with terror, he paced the room, anxiously waiting for the day to break. A dreadful crime had been consummated he felt sure, and he stood tamely there, almost cognizant of the fact. Twice he saw the face at the window, but when he called it disappeared.

Worn out, at length, by fatigue and conjecture, he fell asleep towards morning.

The struggling sunbeams, as they gleamed through the uncurtained windows, awoke him. With a confused consciousness of something dreadful having occurred, he started up. Horror of horrors! his saber, wet with recent blood, lay near him; his clothes and cloak, too, were covered with the same terrible stains!

Believing himself the victim of some foul plot, he caught up his sword, and rushed to break open the door; but it stood open. Like lightning he sprang up the stairs, calling loudly as he went.

Despite of the rapidity of his ascent, gouts of blood met his eyes at every step, and guided by them he proceeded along a wide vestibule, and entered a large chamber to the right. A heavy fauteuil bed, covered with curtains of dark green velvet, stood in a corner. He drew aside the hangings with a trembling hand. It was as he foresaw: gashed and bleeding from several wounds there lay the lifeless body of the unfortunate Count St. Maur.

Notwithstanding his feeble health, he seemed to have struggled hard for life. The eye-balls were dilated, the hair erect and bristling, the hands were clenched, and, on a closer survey, Claude saw a quantity of coarse red hair in one of them, which seemed as if he had torn it from the head of his murderer.

The young man was still gazing in speechless horror on the fearful sight before him, when he turned and saw the grim, white face of Valby behind him.

Hardly looking towards the bed, the man threw himself on his knees, and in the most abject terms implored for mercy.

"Wretch!" said the young gentleman, indignantly, "I am not going to harm you; but tell me, *you*, who has done this atrocious deed?"

But the man refused to look towards the bed, and continued to beg him not to kill him.

Claude Fresne had a clear, vigorous intellect, and he saw at once that the cowering wretch before him had himself murdered, or assisted to murder, the unfortunate count, and wanted to fasten the crime on him.

His resolution was instantly taken: to acquaint the authorities at once with the whole affair.

After a ride of some miles he arrived at Rheims. He went directly to the maire of the commune; but that functionary was not yet up, nor would he receive any communications until after breakfast. Suddenly Claude thought of the lawyer with whom the count's will was.

M. Lamont, the most eminent advocate in Rheims, was easily found; and in a few minutes Claude found himself relating his story to a grave, mild looking man, only a few years older than himself.

"We have drawn up the Count St. Maur's will, young gentleman; and to the purport you speak of," said the lawyer; "it is in our possession—a most correct legal document, properly signed and witnessed; and your knowledge of its existence, which has hitherto been a profund secret, gives the stamp of truth and sincerity to your words. This is indeed a terrible tragedy. With your permission I will take down your report in writing. Think calmly, and do not omit the slightest circumstance."

The lawyer threw open the door of a study. A tall, elderly man was writing at a green desk.

"Darrel, take down minutely what this gentleman says. Excuse me for a few moments."

Mechanically now Claude repeated his story, for the grave, serious face of M. Lamont fell icily on his heart, and for the first time he saw that there was strong presumptive evidence of he himself having committed the murder.

"We will now go," said M. Lamont, "to the procureur of the commune, and make a formal deposition. That done, you must submit to be placed in durance vile, until this dreadful affair is investigated. In the meantime rest assured that your interests shall not suffer in my hands. We lawyers, you know, are bound to defend our clients, guilty or not; but I need not tell you that we are almost always better able to do that when we have *an innate consciousness of the innocence of the* accused, and which in the present case I feel convinced of."

M. Lamont bowed, and offered his arm so kindly, that Claude felt a choking sensation in his throat. Two hours after he was in the city prison.

But long before the Court of Assizes was held, the fearful mystery was brought to light. A wretched, brutal-looking man, with red hair, was found concealed in an old chalk-pit in the forest. He was recognized as a swineherd whom the count, for a trifling sum, had permitted to feed his hogs in the forest.

This wretch confessed that Valby had bribed him to murder St. Maur, and had brought him through a secret passage into the hall; that they had stolen Claude's saber, and that with it he had killed the count. The first blow missed, and fell on the pillow, only grazing his temple, and on the unhappy man springing up, and uttering the terrible cries that Claude had heard, he threw himself upon him, while Valby held his feet. The red hair in the count's hand exactly coincided, in color and texture, with that on the swineherd's head.

Another witness, too, came forward—old Jacques Prevost. Finding the storm coming on, and his leg paining him, he had retraced his way, and found refuge in one of the stables. In the dead of night he had been awakened by two men opening a trap-door beside him. He heard them plan the murder of some one. He tried to raise the trap-door when they were gone, but could not. He then followed round to the house, heard fearful cries, and looking through one of the windows, saw the young man with whom he had traveled on the road. Was going to speak to him, but was afraid, as he saw lights flashing in the upper windows.

Valby maintained a dogged silence until within a few hours of his execution. He then said he had long harbored the idea of murdering his master, with the view of obtaining some of his money, which he kept in a large cabinet by his bedside. He did not contemplate murdering him so soon, but that he had struck him that morning for some trifling fault, and Claude Fresne having arrived, he thought it the most favorable opportunity. The count's early hostility to the Fresnes being well known, he supposed that the deed would at once be attributed to the young man.

Claude was released, and having seen the remains of the ill-starred Count St. Maur consigned to his ancestral vault, he accompanied M. Lamont to Paris. That gentleman succeeded in rousing his mind from the shock it had received from the late unhappy event. Master of a princely fortune, he gave up the law, determining to devote himself to the cultivation of his estates, and after a short sojourn in the capital, he returned to Chateau Fresne and his beloved Julie.

His marriage with that fascinating young lady followed soon after, on which occasion M. Lamont fell as desperately in love with the fair Lusette as a lawyer is capable of, and in a few months they too were married.

BACHELOR CYNICISM.

The romance of life, says a bachelor author, like all other romances, ends with marriage. The Rovers, Sir Harry Wildairs, Lovebys, and other wild gallants of the old comedies, never appear upon the stage after this ceremony; their freaks are over—their "occupation's gone"—they are presumed to have become too decent and dull for the dramatist. Their loves were a lively romance, their marriage is flat history. The uncertainty of bachelorship unquestionably gives a charm to existence; a married man has nothing farther to expect; he must sit down quietly and wait for death.

THE LAST CATAMOUNT OF MOUNT TOM.

Catamounts were the most formidable wild beasts in our eastern forests, but have long since been exterminated from all parts, except the most wild and inaccessible. The following story, of the fate of the last catamount said to have been ever known near Mount Tom, in Massachusetts, I heard many years ago, as it had been handed down by tradition, from an early period, which I have never been able to determine with precision. Mount Tom is that bold and conspicuous eminence which rises opposite Mount Holyoke, below Northampton, from the bank of Connecticut River, and the rich and extensive meadows which here border it on the west.

Two men were walking in the woods, unarmed and thoughtless of danger, when a noise in a tree attracted their attention; and they discovered a large catamount among the branches, crouched and just ready to spring, with his eyes fixed upon them. Although greatly terrified, knowing by report the formidable nature of the savage animal, they had presence of mind enough to act according to directions they had heard from practised woodsmen; and, instead of attempting to run away, stopped, turned about and looked the wild beast in the face. They soon found their anticipations realized: for they had been told that the catamount springs only when unobserved; and in this, indeed, he resembles the leopard of Singapore, the tiger of Bengal, and most or all other animals of the cat kind. After looking at him for some time, as he stood in the tree, having risen from his crouching posture, (which he always takes preparatory to a leap,) the men began to walk slowly away, hoping that he would allow them to depart. But in this they were disappointed, as he immediately drew himself down again, ready for a spring. This experiment they repeated several times, and always with the same effect; when they agreed that one should remain watching the animal, and that the other should take his knife, and cut two heavy clubs, for weapons to defend themselves. This was accordingly done, and each was armed with a long and strong stick of walnut, cut from a young tree near at hand. By concert, then, they began to walk away backwards, side by side, but with their eyes fixed steadfastly on those of the animal. He watched them closely for a moment; and then, seeing that they would soon be beyond his reach, he drew himself down and sprang for them. They instantly stepped apart, leaving the space of a few feet between them, where he fell upon the ground; and, before he could recover himself, the clubs struck him with all the force the men could give them. But, to their surprise, the blows produced but little effect. The powerful animal appeared to be unhurt, although somewhat embarrassed by their strokes, which they repeated, with all the celerity and force they could. They aimed at his head, which they hit over and over, applying their clubs with vigor, and encouraging each other; while the catamount made desperate efforts to reach and seize them, one after the other. They succeeded in preventing this; but that was all they could, for a long time, accomplish. At last one of them accidentally struck him on the small of the back, when, for the first, he seemed to shrink under the blow. This was sufficient to convince them, of what they ought to have known before, that the heads of animals of the cat kind are almost invulnerable by blunt weapons, being exceedingly strong and muscular. They then aimed at the back, and soon disabled him.

The animal was one of uncommon size, and the last ever killed, or heard of in that region. T. D.

THE "GOLDEN AGE" A HUMBUG.

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.

The stream of time is the only one that can be navigated both ways; there is no steamboat that can work against wind and tide, and carry a passenger or a letter back to the fountain-head of events, or even to the last landmark that we passed in our voyage to the great ocean of Eternity. To say the truth, we have no respect whatever for that solemn bugbear, that shadowy quack, yclept Antiquity; and as to the "good old times," of which everybody talks so much and knows so little, which, like the horizon, keep flying farther backwards as we attempt to approach them, we suspect that if we could once pounce upon them and subject them to our inspection, we should find them to be the very worst times possible. The golden age is as much a fable as the golden fleece, or, if reducible to some rude elements of truth, they would not be much more magnificent than the celebrated Argonautic prize, which, divested of its poetical embellishments, was nothing more than an old sheepskin stretched across the river Phasis, to catch the particles of ore that were rolled down by its waters. This cant is regularly transmitted from generation to generation, and may be traced back to the revival of literature; so that if there be any truth in the tradition, this past millennium must have flourished in the dark ages, and have expired without leaving a record of its existence. It is flattering to human pride to indulge in reveries of former happiness and perfection, because they infer a probability of their future recurrence; hence it is, that, not content with assigning a higher moral stature to our ancestors, we cling to the belief of their gigantic proportions, despite of the evidence of history, of skeletons, and of Egyptians embalmed many centuries before our era, who must have been a very diminutive race, unless they have shrunk terribly in the pickling.

FRAGMENT OF ANTIPHANES.

Antiphanes was a Greek comic poet who flourished in the time of Alexander the Great. The following is a translation of one of the few fragments which remain of his comedies, with some little aculeation and completion by the aid of later and better light. This liberty, however, has only been taken in the closing lines. In the first part, the thought is literally preserved. The object of the poet was to check excessive sorrow for the death of beloved friends.

"Mourn not, with hopeless grief, the dead.
They are not dead; they have but past
On the same road which all must tread—
Which we ourselves are treading fast,
Before us to the common home
Of all, past, present, and to come.
Brief is the parting we deplore;
They can to us return no more;
But we shall go to them, and see
The congregation vast, Time's progeny,
By death devoured as they came to birth:
Then all the good and pure who dwelt on earth
Shall meet in happier climes above, and share
An endless life of joy together there."

A STRIKING DIFFERENCE.

Maitre Jean Piccard tells us, that when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, and trying different expedients to produce a tear, such of the neighbors as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him another wife. Six weeks after, says Maitre Jean, I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another.

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AGE OF THE WORLD.

That learned and accurate chronologer, Mr. Clinton, (author of the Fasti Hellenici, Romani, &c.,) continued to the last firmly to believe that "in 1851, our world's age was approximately within fifteen or sixteen years of its six thousandth year from the creation of man;" in other words, that in the year 1866 the world would be 6,000 years old. Mr. Clinton never attempted to adjust matters with the extreme nicety of Archbishop Usher, who begins his famous "Annales" with the statement that the creation of the world and the march of time began "early in the evening which preceded the 23d of October, in the year of the Julian Period 710, and B. C. 4004." Archbishop Usher was undoubtedly a great chronological genius and a man of vast and profound erudition, but how he reached the nice calculation that time began on the evening of the day which (if it had ever existed,) *would have been* the 22d October, five thousand eight hundred and sixty-two years ago this coming autumn, it would puzzle us to say, since he has not explained the process. Archbishop Usher and Mr. Clinton, it will be seen, (both of whom based their opinions on independent and very careful observations,) differed in their estimate of the world's age only to the extent of 130 years—the former making it 5862, the latter 5992 years old the present year—a surprising approximation to unanimity, especially when we recollect that for nearly the first half of time men were without written records, and that the art of adjusting and preserving dates was only slowly and at quite a recent period brought to perfection.

So short has been the duration of human history! For it is of course of the earth as the abode of man that we are now speaking. And even from that short period nearly one-third must be deducted as belonging to the history of human progress and development. The Flood is computed to have occurred in the year of the world 1656. Almost all previous results of human thought and labor must have been buried forever by that tremendous calamity. Some traditions might have been preserved; and what strictly belonged to the moral development of humanity was undoubtedly kept alive. But art, science, philosophy, all the enterprises and works of man, when a life-time reached almost a decade of centuries, must have utterly perished. Humanity must needs take a new start. The web of history must be woven anew from the naked warp. The complicated problem must be recommenced from its simple factors. And then the first battle must be with the elements; the first tug to satisfy the stern exigencies of mere *life*. It would be a good while before men would have that security and leisure which is indispensable to thought and higher culture, to the recollection and preservation of the old and the invention of the new. And yet there is a curious fact to show how soon men were about it. When Alexander the Great took Babylon, (about the year of the world, 3674,) Callisthenes, one of the scientific corps attendant on the expedition, found in the tower of Belus calculations of eclipses for 1903 years preceding. This takes us back to within little more than a century after the Deluge—so soon did the aspiration after knowledge overpower the first wants and appetites of animal nature. So soon did men pass from watching and attending their flocks to watching and grouping the stars; and, for want of other books, to reading the starry volume, of which every night turned over a new page—an occupation, it must be allowed, to which nomadic life under the transparent atmosphere and cloudless skies of the Asiatic steppes is not unfavorable; and this, doubtless, suggests the true reason why astronomy got the start of the other sciences, and made more rapid progress among the simple post-diluvian shepherds than it is likely to make at the Dudley Observatory.

Little more than forty centuries, then, can be allowed to make up the *solidus dies*, the real working-day of the world. Look at "the earth and man," in history and in their actual state, and you must allow that not much time has been lost. Within that period, man has explored the earth from the easternmost verge of Asia to the westernmost of America. He has penetrated almost to either pole. Scarce an islet of the sea which has been left unvisited or unpeopled. He has turned the mighty element which covers two-thirds of the globe into the means of abridging his labors, multiplying his comforts, and transporting him over ocean and continent. He has caught from the clouds the most terrific force of nature, and taught it to flash his thoughts over continents and under oceans with a speed only inferior to that of thought itself, and with a precision like that of intelligence. He has formed some two thousand languages and dialects. He has sounded the depths of the sea, on the verge of which he once trembled, and the yet profounder depths of his own mind. He has—but we must rehearse Universal History in order to tell of the arts, discoveries, sciences, institutions, monuments which perpetuate the memory of man's toils and sufferings on earth in these forty centuries—a period *scarcely exceeding four successive antediluvian lives!* How vast his faculties! How restless his activity! How powerful the virtue of that primal blessing of the Father of men, "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it and have dominion!" And as the last fifty years have witnessed a far more rapid development than any earlier period, who can forecast the future of Humanity?

A HUMBUG BUZ.

Some of the commentators upon the state of the times are inclined to lay the blame of the condition of the bread-seeking, laboring classes (not those who brawl in mobocratic assemblages, but the really suffering and therefore more modest ones) upon "labor-saving machinery," to a greater or less extent. They argue that the laboring man was better off before the era of machinery, when everything was done by hand, than now, when the business world may be said to move by machinery. Say they, every invention, that substitutes steam-power for muscle-power, and dispenses with manipulation, throws handicraftsmen out of work, in greater or less numbers, and thus creates want and woe.

That this is, often, the *first* effect of the introduction of a new piece of "labor-saving machinery," as it is fashionable to call it, no one can doubt. But the ultimate result is, usually, an increase of work, calling for additional laborers. To illustrate and make palpable the truth of this position, it will only be necessary to refer to steam printing presses and steam mills. We use the plural form of expression, in order to embrace calico presses and sawing and flouring mills, as well as woollen and cotton mills. The former have multiplied books and papers, at every step of the improvements to which inventive genius has subjected them, and given employment to thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children in paper mills, with all their connections of trade, from book-binding down to rag-picking, while the latter have created demands for labor, and fed laborers, to an extent equally wonderful. It needs only to point the reader's mind in the direction of the inquiry which this subject so fruitfully suggests, to give the lie to the hue and cry against machinery to which we have alluded, and which we have concluded to call a "humbug buz."

In the new order of things, which has marked the era of machinery, anxiety, reverses, and more or less of general unrest, must be encountered. But these are parts of Pope's programme of "partial evil, universal good." Those who seek a different order had better recall, if they can, that of the hand-press and the hand-loom, the canoe and the flat-boat, the pack-horse and the slow coach—or seek a more careless mode of life amid the lazy scenes of some Bœotia or Arcadia, and enjoy it to their heart's content. This live country and stirring age will hear no such "humbug buz," with patience!

PAST AND PRESENT BRITISH ROYALTY.

During the late Atlantic Telegraph celebrations, a gallant captain of our navy took occasion to pronounce Victoria one of the best sovereigns who ever sat on the British throne. It gives us pleasure to agree with him. Victoria as wife and mother is a model for her sex; as a constitutional sovereign who has never made the slightest attempt to evade the political genius of her realm, she fairly earns the warm loyalty of the "fast-anchored isle" that clings like a radiant atmosphere around her.

By the way—the captain's eulogy brought to our recollection the wonder that, some years since, we experienced, *during a perusal of the "History of England,"* at the general moral baseness and mental imbecility of British sovereigns. Out of the fifty odd crowned rulers, we found difficulty in selecting half a dozen who had a right to be called virtuous, or able. William the Conqueror was a ferocious and unscrupulous freebooter; Henry the 1st gloried in his violations of marital rights; Henry the 2d ditto; John was a brute; Henry the 3d was an imbecile; Edward the 1st was a life-long trampler on the hearts and homes of the country of Wallace; Edward the 2d fell a prey to his favorites; Richard the 2d was "violent in his temper; profuse in his expense; fond of idle show and magnificence; devoted to favorites;" Edward the 4th was "full of blood, violence and cruelty;" Richard the 3d was a monster; Henry the 8th ditto, the murderer of several wives; Mary was in heart a regular tigress; and in our own era we have had that prince of blackguards, George the 4th; and that licentious sailor, William the 4th.

In view of the average bad character and poor ability of her monarchs, how astonishing has been the progress, and is, at the present day, the glory of England! Nothing more shows the inherent greatness of the British blood than its ability to survive, under such a putrid, pestilential load of royalty. But when we look at that blood's moral, mental and physical triumphs, we are overwhelmed with astonishment, and rejoice that, in Victoria, the British have a sovereign worthy of their virtues and their renown.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

A vehement discussion has been commenced by British, French and American writers and savans, as to whom are due the chief honors of the Atlantic cable achievement, and the origination of the electric telegraph. Some parties have expressed regret that such a discussion should have been entered upon, but we hail it with pleasure. Let us have a most thorough ventilation of the whole subject, so that the really meritorious shall have their just meed of praise, and the pretenders and quacks be first exposed, and then consigned to oblivion. No person who is *justly entitled to credit* in these great matters, need fear any degree of discussion and investigation of them; it is only the pretenders to science, the wearers of stolen honors, whose claims will be jeopardized thereby. We hope the discussion will go on vigorously.

HOOPS ON THE DECLINE.

The awkward, bulky, ungraceful hoop, which has so long offended the eye of taste and "made the judicious grieve," is doomed. It is reported that the Empress Eugenie "*recently appeared at a ball without hoops!*" Such a fact is not of much less importance than a great flood, famine or battle Let the hoop be discarded, and the effect will be felt throughout the channels of industry and commerce. Ladies' garments will subside to their proper dimensions, and men's purses will expand as the skirts collapse. We hope soon to be able to walk the streets without seeing a sign of the presence of these ungainly contrivances.

THE ELECTIONS.

The political campaigns are at hand in many States, and soon the party presses of the land will be pouring forth the vials of their wrath upon the unlucky candidates, every mother's son of whom is to be pitied. All their misdeeds will be raked up and blazoned to the world, and the foulest invention, aided by hatred and malice, will concoct all manner of gross libels to be fastened upon them. Verily, it requires a man of much nerve or no shame to be a candidate for office in these days.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER V.

Oh, these early breakfasts in "banquet halls deserted" of huge hotels, waited upon by yawning servants scarce awake; no appetite for the food you know you will be dying for five or six hours afterward; meanwhile, conscious only of an intense and unmitigated disgust of big trunks, little trunks, bonnet-boxes, keys, carpet-bags and reticules. The morning foggy and chill; the hotel parlor, so pleasant the evening before, as you sat upon its comfortable sofa with a party of friends, looking now quite as miserable as you feel, with its gay bouquets of yesterday drooping and faded. Blue-looking men emerging from the bar-room, twisting their traveling-shawls, in folds more warm than graceful, over their chests and shoulders; ladies shivering as the chill morning air strikes their but half-protected, shrinking figures. "All ready" at last, and away we start for Portland. Yet, stay; what's this? Heaven bless that ebony waiter, who, running after me, slid into my hand a cold chicken, with a little package of salt inclosed, and, with an indescribable twist of his good-natured, shiny phiz, whispers, "Ladies gets *so* hungry on railroads, ma'am!" Now that's what I call a compliment, and a substantial one, too; he should have seen me a few hours after with one of the drumsticks, bless his soul. May he meet some appreciative Dinah, and may they never want for a chicken!

Rain, rain, rain all day, in the most pitiless manner. Some solace themselves with newspapers, some with novels, and some with sleep; the latter sure to be broken in upon by the conductor's nudge, and "your ticket, sir!" Directly in front of me sat two young men, strangers to each other, who presently finding one of those convenient pretexts for speaking which travel always affords, commenced conversation. Imagine how long those two fellows kept it up without stopping to wink, or even to look at the "way stations?" *Sixty-five miles!*—I repeat it—*sixty-five miles!* Wouldn't the fact have been published from Dan to Beersheba, had the conversationists happened to have been a couple of women? And by the help of the limitless NEW YORK LEDGER, I'll send it thus far. Mostly, these young men appeared to pity the Canadian nuns, whom they seemed to have philanthropic desires to benefit, without the opportunity. Then the vexed question of North and South was discussed, that grindstone upon which every youngster must needs whet his jack-knife. But time would fail to tell all the nonsense I was forced, in the next seat, to hear, far transcending that of women, which, the saints know, is oft-times bad enough.

Well, we lived through that day's drizzle and rain, and reached Portland in a most limp condition, just at night. Curious to be again in a birth-place which I left when I was but six weeks old! "If the sun will only shine out to-morrow," said I, as I cuddled under the blankets with horrible forebodings. The fates were propitious. A warm, lovely morning; every tree and shrub newly polished, and as fresh as if just made. Within range of my window was a beautiful garden, gay as a rainbow with all sorts of brilliant flowers. Two Quakers came along in solemn drab. I smiled and held my breath. "Thank God," said I, as I saw them lean delightedly over the fence to look at the gay flowers, "nature is, and ever will be, stronger than creeds." A hasty breakfast, and forth I started on my exploring tour. "I shall know the house where I was born, if I pass it," said I; "some magnetic influence will surely arrest my steps. Stay, that is Dr. Payson's church." "How do you know?" asked my companions. "I *feel* it; ask and see." And so it was. He who, by his sweet, consistent, loving, holy life, came between me and the grim creed which my very soul spurned, and which was driving me to disbelieve all of which his Christ-like life was the beautiful exponent. *He* who laid holy hands of blessing on my baby-forehead, and knew God's creatures too well to try to drive them, through fear of endless torment, to Heaven. I felt like crossing myself, as I passed the church where his feet had so often entered, to tell, in that most musical of voices, of God's infinite love to everything he had made—of God's infinite pity—but why attempt to convey an idea of what must have been heard to be understood and felt. Hundreds whom man's denunciatory self-righteousness had driven to cursing, bitterness and despair, are now stars in his crown.

Well, I passed on through the lovely streets of my native city, with their green hedges and climbing plants, and bright flowers, and stately trees, and most substantial, palatial stone houses, with shining window-panes and massive entrances. Not there, not there, said I; it must have been in some small wooden house, with an inch or two of ground, and perhaps a few flowers that needed little care, for those were humble days to her who, taking the baby-boy (poet that was to be) in her arms, went daily to nurse him in the jail where his father was confined. She who, if there *is* a Heaven of bliss, is in it to-day, as one of those earth-martyrs whose mask of heavenly serenity a short-sighted world never pierces. No, I feel no throb at my heart when looking at these grand houses. Sure I am, it was not there that the baby was baptized, whose little grave-clothes were well nigh bespoken. It was not there that the little face purpled with what they said was the death-agony. Would to God it had pleased him to make it so. It was not there that the little life began, from which that baby might well struggle to escape. And so, wearily my feet passed up and down one lovely street after another, admiring all, yet not drawn magnetically to any. *Somewhere*—let it suffice—in that lovely, leafy city, with its grand old drooping elms, and glimpses of the broad, blue sea, I first opened eyes that will close far enough away from its Sabbath stillness and quiet.

FANNY FERN.

MOBS.

Let us have no mobs. Let decency and order, and law and justice reign, whatever the contingency or emergency. Mobs are brainless and heartless. A mob is a myriad-armed monster, an infuriated beast with teeth and claws indefinitely multiplied. To cure an evil, a mob will always enact injuries far transcending in their disastrous effects those of the original wrong sought to be remedied. The commander of an army who should burn the hospital of an enemy, and carry the fever-racked wretches who were writhing in its wards out into the open air, and leave them lying exposed on the ground for hours, would be anathematised throughout Christendom. But a mob, in their own land, will thus fire a hospital, and lay violent hands on their own suffering countrymen, and drag them from the sick pallet out into the open air, and cast them helpless upon the cold, damp earth. Let us, therefore, have no mobs.

THE CABLE AND THE FISHES.

A spontaneous gathering of the finny tribes took place over the grand, ocean, telegraph plateau, as soon after the laying of the Atlantic cable as the astounding news could be sent by electric-eel telegraph throughout the briny domain. The meeting, which was held near the middle of the cable, and within sight of it, was largely attended by delegations from every tribe of every ocean. The Mackerel and Porpoises were out in great force, having dismissed all their *schools*, in honor of the occasion. Much excitement and confusion prevailed, a chairman having been dispensed with, on the ground that a fish is not well calculated for "taking a seat."

As soon as something like order was obtained, the Whale begged the indulgence of the audience while he should make a few remarks. The first thing, it seemed to him, which presented itself to the consideration of the philosophic mind was the question, What next? What would those daring, reckless sons of earth do next? He had considered the forced introduction of the harpoon into common use—he would say into altogether *too* common use among them, as a most pointed and aggravating infringement upon the rights of Whales; but even that was nothing compared with the audacious, the *shocking* attempt at making the bed of the ocean itself a common errand-path—the highway for all manner of communications from all manner of people. He had been taught in early youth that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and what, then, had *they* to expect in case this thing (pointing to the cable) should go on! For his part (and here his voice faltered) he was disheartened. He cared not how soon the harpoon should fall. In his opinion, it was all over with the inhabitants of the once boasted "mighty deep." (Here the speaker with his tail wiped from his eyes the fast gathering tears which shone like drops of spermacetti, and retired, quite overcome by his emotions.)

The Swordfish (the well-known enemy of the Whale) next addressed the meeting. He had listened, (he said,) with much attention to the speaker that preceded him, in hopes of hearing something to the point, but he regretted to say that he had listened in vain. But, after all, what could be expected from a Whale but "blubber?"—(Sensation.) For his part, on such a momentous occasion as that which had called them together, he liked to see a fish show a little backbone—not *whale*bone; *that* was altogether too limber for him—(Sensation, and cries of order.) He would beg to inform the audience, that he was an independent fish and asked no favors. (Here a voice cried out that "everybody knew that the Swordfish was always *thrusting his nose* where it wasn't wanted," which remark occasioned so much merriment that the speaker instantly subsided.)

The Electrical Eel next came forward, and was received with much applause, and strong manifestations of sympathy. He began by saying that the announcement of the successful laying of the cable had taken him and his kindred by surprise; although, as they were more used to such things than the rest of the assembly, they were not so much shocked by it as others had been. It seemed to be a blow aimed directly at the interests of his family, and they had not been prepared for it. However, they were used to skinning, and could put up with a good deal of persecution. He did not know, and could not say, what would be the end of it. In fact, so far as his observation had extended, the cable was endless, stretching clear across the ocean, and running up on either shore. Still, he was not alarmed; the family of electrical eels were not alarmed. They did not consider the Atlantic cable such a very great affair, after all. By laying their heads (and tails) together, they could beat it hollow—(Great applause, during which the speaker gracefully retired.)

The Shark (who next addressed the meeting) thought the proceedings were altogether too tame. He did not believe in lying supinely on their backs and floating tamely about until man had a harpoon in all their necks or a hook in their gills. All he asked was a fair chance at these layers of telegraph cables. Let them come within reach of his jaws, once, and he'd fix 'em. That was all he asked, and that was all he had to say.

At this stage of the proceedings news was forwarded from the vicinity of Nahant, by a line of Electrical Eels stationed for that purpose, that the Sea Serpent was on his way to the place of meeting, evidently with a good appetite, whereat the assembly, after ordering a report of the proceedings of the meeting to be published in the NEW YORK LEDGER, voted to adjourn *sine die*, and immediately dispersed.

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACEMAKERS.

Recent events have naturally turned reflecting minds towards the subject of international intercourse, particularly with reference to the influence of the facilities for it, so wonderfully increased during the present century. This is a momentous subject, and therefore entitled to the most careful consideration by the molders of public opinion, and the controllers of public policy among the nations; and, with two or three exceptions, there are no peoples laying claim to respectable nationality, or worthy of consideration, but what have invited, rather than repelled, international intercourse.

The more generally adopted view is, that the prosperity and happiness of nations are prompted, in the long run, by every increase of facilities for intercommunication afforded them. But there are those who dissent from this view, and their number is not small, nor their claim to be heard contemptible. These have argued that the more frequently nations are brought into communication, the more points of controversy will arise, and consequently the more risks of disagreements, even supposing, following the wise precept of Washington, they avoid "entangling alliances" with one another. Wars, say they, will be the inevitable sequence.

Now the answer to this is short and conclusive. It is furnished analogically: The influence of intelligence amongst individuals is for good, in proportion to its spread. In this way, *equalization of interests and of powers is produced*. Of this comes harmony, and not discord. The more readily individuals understand each other, the better. Why should it turn out otherwise with nations? We confess we cannot see. And it is clear to us that the great agencies of steam and electricity, now bringing distant nations into communication with a facility and to an extent never dreamed of in the past centuries, are destined to become *great international peacemakers*, and, as such, to prove peculiarly beneficent to the world!

CRINOLINE SHOULD PAY.

Ladies whose flounces and things occupy "room for four" in omnibuses and cars, should pay accordingly. An ordinary omnibus will not accommodate more than two modern-dressed women on a side, and a city car is completely filled by eight of them, when their skirts are permitted to expand along the seats in all their native amplitude. Crinoline in public conveyances should collapse, or else pay for the extra space it occupies.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

FAVORS, and especially pecuniary ones, are generally fatal to friendship; for our pride ever prompts us to lower the value of the gift by diminishing that of the giver. Ingratitude is an effort to recover our own esteem by getting rid of our esteem for our benefactor, whom we look upon as a sort of toothdrawer that has cured us of one pain by inflicting another.

MANY leave the tradesman and the tax-gatherer unpaid, that they may voluntarily tax themselves to supply offerings to the mysterious goddess of fashion, who finds her strongest supporters among the weak, her most faithful adherents among the inconstant, and her warmest admirers among those who admire nothing but themselves.

THEY who are the most afraid of a cold or the cholera are the most likely to catch them; so it is with many other evils, mental as well as bodily. Like the nettle, they sting only the timid; grasp them firmly and they are innocuous. Fly from them, and they pursue you; face them, and they are gone.

IN the matter of love, a feast is more fatal than a fast—a surfeit than a starvation. Inanition may cause love to die a slow death, but repletion always destroys it by a sudden one. We should have as many Petrarchs as Antonies, were not Lauras much scarcer than Cleopatras.

"YOU must pray to God, my dear child, to bless your grandmother, and that she may live to become very old." "No, ma—she is very old already; I would rather pray that she may become young."

AN exchange says that we have a right to take an umbrella or a kiss without permission wherever we can. Well, but if the umbrella isn't returned, the fault is ours; if the kiss isn't, it is the lady's.

MARRIED happiness is a glass ball. The glad couple play with it during the honeymoon, till, falling, it is shivered—and the rest of life is too often a wrangle as to which broke it.

AS that gallant can best affect a passion for one woman, who has no true love for another, so he, that has no real esteem for any of the virtues, can best assume the appearance of them all.

"How do you like my face, Miss?" said an individual, whose forehead and chin protruded very much, while the intermediate features formed a concavity. "Oh, sir, it is my favorite *dish*."

MOST persons are particularly spiteful against those foibles in others which they themselves have. They remind us of a monkey scratching and grinning at the mimic monkey in the glass.

MANY believe that, by the reading of highly-wrought works of fiction, the heart may be softened till it is hardened, as there are metals which acquire a greater induration the oftener they are melted.

LET us so employ our youth that the very old age, which will deprive us of attention from the eyes of women, shall win for us more devoted attention from the ears of men.

A SCIENTIFIC gentleman, after searching diligently for the cause of the potato blight, has arrived at the conclusion that it is the *rot-tator-y* movement of the earth.

IN the games of the world the lucky throws generally fall to blockheads; knaves understand the tricks of the play—honest men do all the paying.

THERE is a man of our acquaintance who exaggerates so habitually that we fear he will never learn to *speak within bounds*—unless he is sent to the penitentiary.

THE question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to *take* it when they get a chance.

A COUPLE of our western editors are publishing bitter hand-bills against each other. There is a great deal of billing between them, but no cooing.

A MARRIED man said, "It is the last ostrich-feather that breaks a husband's back." "Poor soul!" exclaimed his wife, "it is rather the last glass of rum."

How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board. It is like the reclining of the aged man under the shadow of the oak he planted.

ALL that corruption attracts, it also retains; for it is easier not to fall than to fall only once, and not to yield a single inch, than, having yielded, to regain it.

"I CAN always," said a vain young preacher, "write a sermon in one short hour." "Oh, yes, and make nothing of it," replied a parishioner.

WHEN you go to drown yourself, put off your clothes: they may fit your wife's second husband.

HE only can appropriately deck the female cheek, who paints the lily and the rose less beautiful.

THERE is often a contradiction between the heart and the countenance. Many a man hides behind his face.

THERE are probably few of us who do not know more dead friends than living ones.

WHEN women begin to count their admirers, it isn't apt to take them long to do it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MEXICAN wedding, which came off recently at a rancho near Monterey, was suddenly interrupted by the report of a gun outside, instantaneously followed by the shriek of the bride, (who was in the hight of a Spanish dance,) and her fall upon the floor. She was hastily raised, but died in her husband's arms, as he was carrying her to a couch, the blood trickling from a wound in her left side, showing the path of the deadly messenger to her heart. The fatal shot was supposed to have been fired by a discarded lover of the bride, but whether it was intended for her bosom or her husband's it is impossible to say, as the assassin had not been captured.

A YOUNG lad named Abbott, aged 13 years, the son of a New York gentleman whose family had been spending the summer at Lancaster, Mass., was recently drowned in the Nashua river at that place. The family were just getting ready to come home, and the poor little fellow went out, as he said, to take his "last swim"—and such it truly and sadly proved to be.

AT a political meeting recently held in Tilsonburg, Canada West, the floor of the hall, situated in the third story, suddenly gave way, precipitating the audience upon the second floor, which also gave way beneath the shock, and the people were hurled in one confused mass upon the ground floor of the building. A number of persons were severely injured, and one man was taken out dead.

A SHORT time since a train on the Hamilton and Dayton (Ohio) railroad, ran into a carriage containing a Mr. Fessenden, his wife, and two nieces. The carriage was shattered, and Mrs. Fessenden was caught by the cow-catcher, and carried some distance. When picked up she was dead; the others were dreadfully injured, but escaped with life.

A MAN named Jacob Plant, of Manchester, Mass., having been disappointed in love some three years ago, attempted to blow his brains out, but did not succeed, though he did succeed in putting out both his eyes. He has lingered along in blindness until recently, when he died of voluntary starvation.

A MAN was recently found lying within ten rods of the Joliet and Chicago railroad, a short distance from Chicago, where he had lain for ten days, suffering from typhoid fever. He had gnawed the flesh off of both his hands.

THE Paris Academy of Sciences has offered a prize of twenty thousand dollars for the discovery of the cause of cholera, and a cure "that shall be as certain as quinine is for intermittent fever."

SOME time ago, a man in Cabarras county, N. C., eloped with a girl only fourteen years of age. She has just been held to bail in the sum of $3000, to answer the charge of poisoning him.

A TEXAS paper says that in one of the counties of that State no less than nine children have been killed by their parents within three months.

SOME of the wheat harvested in the West this season is said to be poisonous. The baneful grains are of a red color, and semi-transparent.

A LITTLE girl three years of age, named Baker, recently died in Harwick, Mass., from the effects of eating the combustible ends of lucifer matches.

IT is reported that within a recent period the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands killed the enormous number of three hundred whales in two days.

A MRS. ORCUTT, of Stafford, Conn., recently killed a big water-snake which contained twenty-nine young ones.

A HORSE was recently stung to death in Wilmington, Del., by bees from a hive near which he was grazing.

THE young ladies of Petersburg, Va., have gone extensively into the practice of archery.

THE STREET-PREACHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

"ARCH. LEIGHTON, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, 'Have you been hearing a sermon?' 'I've met a sermon,' was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave, the preacher was Death. Greatest of street-preachers!"

Have you seen th' street-preacher,
That all times of year
Is busy proclaiming
His message of fear,
Which sometime or other
All people must hear!

His foes are ten thousand,
But such is his might—
Were each a Goliath,
He knoweth the sleight
Whereby with a pebble
To put them to flight.

His speech is too lowly
An echo to wake,
As he comes to the threshold
His errand to make,
Yet never a preacher
So eloquent, spake.

With look of assurance
Right fearful to see
He finds out his victims
Wherever they be,
But never seems seeking
For you, or for me!

He cometh at midnight,
And cometh at morn;
Of the mother he claimeth
Her baby new-born—
The bride of her bridegroom
He leaveth, forlorn.

When spring is the sweetest,
He blights the green grass,
And kills the young rose-buds
And sighs of, "alas!"
Are heard in the gardens
Through which he doth pass.

When sunshine is troubled,
And storm-trumpets blow,
Who looks from the window
Must tremble, for, lo!
His plumes will be nodding
Along the white snow.

No need hath he ever
Of bread, or of meat,
No need of wild honey
Or locusts to eat—
Room only he asks for
To preach in the street.

Shrink, hide from his presence
However you may,
Hand to hand, face to face
You will meet him some day,
And turn and go with him
His terrible way.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

A PAIR OF PRECIOUS SCAMPS.

How frequently have we heard the judge upon the bench, when the career of some notorious criminal has been unrolled before him, and every dexterous turn, winding, and cunning scheme laid bare by the patient investigations of justice, observe with regret that the same amount of forethought, tact, and knowledge of the world displayed by the guilty man in the pursuit of crime, must, if it had been employed in any honorable pursuit, have led to fortune; and there is little doubt but the judge was right in his assertion, for wealth, after all, is not so much an affair of chance as the idle dreamers of the earth suppose. In the pursuit of it, honesty and prudence constitute the chief elements of success: the first may be regarded as the vessel which is to bear us safely into harbor, the second as the ballast to steady it.

In such a craft, when the mind of the commander is active and his temperament sanguine, the only real danger is, lest he should throw too much of this precious ballast overboard before he has taken in cargo; but even then, after a great deal of tossing on the billows of anxiety, it is ten to one but the good ship Honesty will right itself again.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the extraordinary amount of perseverance shown by the reader's old acquaintance, Fiddler Dick, in the plan of hypocrisy he had laid down. No disappointment—and he experienced many—was permitted to ruffle the *surface* of his temper; on the contrary, he bore them with such seeming patience and resignation that even the governor was deceived; and he consented to add his recommendation to the chaplain's for a ticket of leave.

"Done him at last," whispered Dick in the ear of his friend Mike.

"Done whom?" demanded hishearer, morosely, for his sojourn in the dockyard had not increased his amiability.

"Holy Joe and the grinder."

The first was the cant name, among the prisoners, for the chaplain—the Reverend Mr. Meanwell; by the grinder the speaker meant to designate the governer.

"Why, yer ain't got it, have yer?" exclaimed the old convict.

"Not yet, but I shall have it in three days," was the rejoinder, accompanied by one of those knowing winks which, like the signs in freemasonry, convey so much in *so little*.

The intelligence—although his own chance of ever obtaining his freedom depended upon the liberation of the speaker—appeared to afford anything but satisfaction to Mike; jealousy and envy filled the thing which anatomists would call his heart, and which we, for want of a more fitting word, designate by the same name.

Although the speakers had known each other for many years—shared in prosperity and evil days together—there was nothing like friendship between them, a circumstance not to be wondered at, for friendship is incompatible with crime—the generous passion can only dwell in an uncorrupted heart.

There is nothing but companionship in guilt.

"Well, *we* are lucky," he observed, after a pause.

Fiddler Dick repeated the word *we* with a low chuckle, as if he did not exactly see the propriety of it.

"We," said the speaker, with still stronger emphasis. "You don't suppose I am a-goin' to remain here *alone* do yer?"

The question was a poser, for the mountebank knew that his esteemed friend and pal, as he used to designate Mike, could, if he thought fit, effectually prevent it.

"Why, you ain't goin' to peach!" he muttered.

The old convict uttered an inarticulate "umph!"

"Is that your friendship?"

"Friendship is one thing and *bizziness* is another," philosophically observed his companion. "You are the only one I have here that knows me, with whom I can talk over old times, and I can't make up my mind to part with you for *long*, and that's the fact on it."

Dick looked around the shed where the above conversation had taken place. There was no one near, and an iron crowbar, which one of his fellow-prisoners had left, lay temptingly within his reach, but he restrained himself; he could do so at times, as the years of hypocrisy and cant he had passed in the dockyard proved, added to which, great as was the indignation he experienced at the speaker's treachery, and bitterly as at the moment he felt he hated him, there was still one being in the world whom he hated more—whose life it would afford him more pleasure to take—Bet's.

As there was no chance of indulging in the luxury of murdering both, Fiddler Dick speedily made his choice.

"Look yer, Mike," he said, "if I worn't as true as steel, your un'ansum behavior would make me turn agin yer. Of course I ain't a-goin' alone—my feelin's wouldn't let me; haven't we talked it over and over again?—but you are so cursed suspicious!"

"Trust to no one," muttered the old man; "that's wisdom."

"Not allays," observed his companion. "If I wor as suspicious as you are, should I trust to your promises about the money yer say yer have got stowed? Where did ye say it wor stowed, Mike?"

The question was put in so natural a tone, that with one less practised in the craft of life than the convict it might have succeeded; as it was, the old rascal only grinned at what he doubtless considered a very clever dodge to entrap him, and patted the speaker affectionately and approvingly on the back.

"Capital!" he exclaimed; "but no go; I ain't to be done!"

Here the ruffians both laughed heartily: Mike at the attempt to throw him off his guard; the mountebank at the penetration which had discovered it.

FIDDLER DICK—DUPLICITY REWARDED.

"Mustn't forget bizziness after all," observed the former. "I think we understand one another without any more words."

"Exactually."

"In three days yer gets yer ticket.

"Holy Joe told me so."

"When am I to get out?"

"As soon as I can get the brads to purchase a rope to throw over the wall, and a fake for you," replied Fiddler Dick, looking serious; "for yer knows as well as I do there is nothing to be done without money."

His companion in crime nodded approvingly, as much as to say, "Go on."

"If you had only had the swag, or a part on it here," continued the speaker, "it might have been all right at once."

"In what way?" demanded Mike, suspiciously.

"You know Brandt?"

"The wardsman?"

"Yes."

The old convict gave a dissatisfied shake of the head, and intimated that he had no great faith in him.

"But I have. He is one of the right sort," whispered Dick, "and has long been tired of this place; in short, he can't very well remain here much longer."

"Why not?"

"He has been doin' a stroke of business on his own account—backer, and—you understand."

The speaker illustrated his meaning by raising his hand to his mouth.

"Gin," said Mike, a supposition which his companion confirmed by a knowing wink.

"And never to tell me on it!" exclaimed the speaker, reproachfully. "Well, I must say that, bad as the world is, I didn't expect that of you, Dick, so often, too, as we have taken our glass together. I wondered," he added, "how you contrived to keep your spirits up after them awful groanin's and singin' a hymns in chapel."

"Where would a been the use of me a tellin' on yer," said his pal, somewhat touched by the appeal. "Brandt brought it in to *sell*, not to give away, and you had no brads."

"Hadn't I?" muttered the old man.

"Had you?" demanded the mountebank.

"Never mind that now," answered Mike. "We'll come to the p'int in time. After what ye have told me, I begin to think better of Brandt. And so he has been a-doin' business on his own account!—well, I like a man of bizziness. I am a man o' bizziness myself. What's his game?"

"'Meriky."

"And a very good game, too, if he can only get there. Why doesn't he start?"

"Short of tin."

"Dare you think he'd be true?"

"True as steel," replied Dick.

"I wish I could think so," observed the former, cautiously; "we might——"

"Why, yer'd never trust him with yer money," interrupted the mountebank, in the tone of a person whose susceptibilities are justly wounded, "when yer have an old friend and pal like myself by yer side."

"I ain't a-goin' to trust no one with that," answered the wily convict, sharply; "but I should like to be convinced that I could trust him, too."

There was a pause in the conversation, during which the speakers continued to exchange regards; as if each were doubtful how far he might venture to confide in the other.

The mountebank was the first to speak.

"I could transport him," he whispered.

The eyes of Mike flushed with joy.

"Will that content yer?" added the speaker.

"*When I can transport him too*," was the reply.

"What an old serpent yer are," observed Dick, with a chuckle; "there is no keepin' a secret from you. But mind, it must be all square this time, for I mean fairly; and if you split," he added, knitting his brows to a ferocious scowl, "I'll wring your neck, though I swing for it the next minute."

Many persons might have felt rather uncomfortable at this assurance; not so the aged rascal to whom it was made; in fact, he felt rather pleased by it than otherwise, for it was an indirect proof, he considered, of the speaker's sincerity.

"And serve me right, too," he said, at the same time holding out his hand as if to seal a bargain.

Fiddler Dick wrung it earnestly.

"Out with it."

"Well, then, said the former, drawing closer to him, to make sure that not a syllable would be overheard, "you and I, Mike, know that what with the excise, free trade, and the police, it's a hard thing for a man, no matter how industrious he may be, to pick up an honest livin'. Although his dodge is never so clever, one or t'other is sure to be down on him."

"That is true," observed his friend.

"Brandt had done, or rather was beginnin to do, well, when one of the gate-keepers found him out."

"Which?"

"He as acts as clerk to Holy Joe on Sundays. The chap is a regular sneak—hasn't the pluck to do a stroke of bizziness for himself, and——"

"Threatened to peach!" ejaculated Mike.

"And had ha' done it," said his pal, "if Brandt hadn't stopped his mouth by dividin' the profits. So, findin' that he worn't likely to git his passage-money for 'Meriky by that go, he tried another."

"Was that found out?"

"Only by me."

"And you?"

"Kept his secret for three quarterns a day," replied Fiddler Dick. "It worn't much," he added, modestly. "but I couldn't find it in my 'art to be 'ard on a poor fellow as was a-tryin' to get on in the world."

His hearer grinned at the idea of the speaker being swayed by the last consideration; but he felt too much interested in the narrative to interrupt him.

"He took to picking up copper bolts, and bits of odds-and-ends laying about in the storehouses," continued the speaker; "they would only have been lost," he added. "I have often felt riled when I saw how *our money* was wasted."

"Ours!" repeated Mike.

"Ours," said his pal; "we are a part of the nation."

This was a proposition too flattering to be disputed, although the old convict had never looked upon it in that light before.

"Dick!" he exclaimed, "you ought to have been in parliament."

"Well, they might have done worse than sent me there," observed his friend, complacently. "But a man's *talons*," probably he meant talents, "are seldom found out till it is too late to make any use of them."

"And so you found Brandt out?" said his companion.

"Partly, yes, and partly, no," answered Fiddler Dick. "I suspected him, and as he could not get the things out of the yards without a friend, I helped him."

"In that case," exclaimed Mike, in a triumphant tone, "you could transport each other," an observation which the narrator, to say the very least of, thought ungracious and uncalled for.

"*And I could transport them both*," added the old man, mentally; for he wisely kept the last remark to himself.

"And how did yer manage to get the swag out?" he asked.

Fiddler Dick made a motion as if throwing a cord over a high wall—quite sufficient explanation for his companion.

"And that's the way we must manage for you," he said; "only the rope must be a strong one."

Mike nodded knowingly.

"And the new togs?"

"I will find the means to procure them," said the convict, "now that I find yer are in the right down arnest; and may be when we are all three out, I can put ye up to a spec or two afore starting for 'Meriky."

"*I have one on my own account*," observed Fiddler Dick, "which must be settled first."

"And very natural too," observed his companion in crime. In fact, both their ideas had been directed in a similar channel: one had thought of his wife—the other of his twin-brother.

At the expiration of three days, the long-sought ticket-of-leave—the reward of years of hypocrisy—was obtained. Dick once more became a free man—free to direct his steps to good or evil; the world before him, a vast amount of speculative benevolence in it ready to advise, but no one hand to assist him.

In this society acts with its usual caprice and injustice; for, after taking the greatest pains to reform the convict whilst undergoing the penalty of the outrage he has committed against its laws, it sends him forth, in nine cases out of ten, only to be tempted and to fall again.

There must be something radically wrong in the system, when those who formed it and advocate it betray such utter want of faith in the stability of their own work.

Fiddler Dick was summoned before the governor of the dock-yard and the chaplain to receive the document which confirmed his freedom from the former, and listen to a lecture from the latter, which, as it was accompanied by a sum of money, he heard with pleasure.

"Ah, sir!" said the hypocrite, trying very hard to squeeze out a tear, "I scarcely know how to thank you. Only to think of such goodness to a sinner like me. I don't deserve it—I feels I don't."

"True repentance always merits mercy," replied the reverend gentleman; "and if you persevere, as I trust you will, in the path you have chosen, I doubt not but you may yet become a respectable—hem—that is to say—respectable in a useful point of view—member of society. Do not let *temptation master your better principles*," he added, "and squander the means which the bounty of government, and the charity of a few Christian friends have placed in your hands."

"I won't, sir."

"But get into good and respectable employment at once."

By this time the liberated convict had placed both the ticket of leave and the money in his pocket.

"Perhaps, sir, you will tell me *where* I am to find the good and respectable employment you name; if you have any friends who would give me work, a recommendation from you might be of service to me."

Unfortuuately, none of the chaplain's friends were in want of such a person. It was the same thing with the governor: both were quite ready enough, in their public capacity, to give him a certificate of good character, to express their conviction of his reformation, but neither of them would take it upon himself to recommend him to his private friends.

As is usual under such circumstances, the manumitted convict was not permitted to mingle any more with his companions. Not that Fiddler Dick regretted it, for he had made his arrangements beforehand, and could, at all times, communicate with Mike, by means of his friend Brandt, who rejoined him the same night at a low beer-shop in the neighborhood of Chatham—one of those dens in which crime may always find a refuge, provided it can pay for the accommodation.

Instead of finding the mountebank drunk, as he expected, he was agreeably surprised at seeing him perfectly sober.

Freedom, in one respect, had made a new man of him—or rather re-awakened all that was brutal and revengeful in his nature.

"Have you got the money?" he demanded, as his confederate entered the chamber, in which he had taken a lodging.

Brandt pointed to the bundle he had just placed upon the table.

The speaker hastily opened it, and proceeded to examine the contents. First there was a complete suit of clothes, fit for a yeoman or respectable tradesman.

"Umph!" exclaimed Dick, "Mike will scarcely know himself in these togs. Too fine," he added, "too fine."

"They were the only ones I could get likely to fit him," observed his visitor; "but you are rather difficult to please."

"Not in the least: give me a reason and I am satisfied. I only spoke because I thought the old man would grumble at the expense. What's this?" he added, drawing forth a ball of twine with a leaden weight at the end.

"The string to send over the wall."

"Why, it would not bear the weight of a child," observed the former.

Brandt pointed to a long knotty rope, which lay, coiled like a serpent, at the bottom of the bundle, and Dick at once comprehended that the finer one was intended only to enable his friend Mike to draw the stronger one over the wall to him.

"Capital!" he said; "couldn't have arranged it better myself; and now that my mind is easy on that point, just tell me how the old rascal contrived to conceal his swag."

"Well, he hadn't much of it."

"How much?"

"Twenty pounds," replied Brandt; "and where do you think he kept it? You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you at once."

"Why don't you tell me, then?" demanded his hearer, impatiently.

"You remember the old greasy pad he wore in his handkercnief?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was quilted up in that. The note was so discolored that if I had not been known, no one in Chatham would have changed it for me."

"A note?" repeated his confederate, suspiciously.

"Yes."

"And only one?"

"Only one!" said Brandt, emphatically, for he felt annoyed at the question. "I'll tell you what it is, Dick," he added, "it seems to be a part of your system to doubt every one; now, I don't like it. Speak out plainly at once: and if you can't trust me, let us shake hands and part; I'd much rather of the two."

Well would it have been for the speaker if he had yielded to the impulse, for as yet he was not too far steeped in crime to retrace his steps. A little further, and the companionship of those with whom he was about to link his fortune would render all chance of doing so impossible.

"Habit, only habit," replied the mountebank. "When you have played at hide-and-seek with justice—tricked and been deceived as I have been, you will be suspicious, too. Say no more about it," he added, in a joyous tone. "I am all right now; shake hands."

His visitor extended his with a reluctance which the liberated convict pretended not to see, for he shook it heartily.

"When do we start?" he inquired.

"Not before midnight."

"That will do. I long to be away from this accursed neighborhood—the air of the dockyard is stifling—to feel my limbs at liberty—free to roam where my fancy leads me."

"That can only be in America," observed Brandt.

"Perhaps I shan't see 'Meriky," replied Fiddler Dick, suddenly looking serious, "and perchance I may. It all depends upon luck. Let's have one glass to the success of our voyage."

It was near midnight when the two speakers arrived at that part of the wall of the dockyard where the attempt was to be made. Acquainted with the internal discipline, the posts of the sentinels, and the hours when the rounds were made, every chance had been duly calculated, and accident, as far as human prudence could suggest, guarded against by the treacherous wardsman.

"How will Mike get out?" whispered his companion.

"Easily enough; he is in the infirmary."

"Pretends to be ill," chuckled Dick, "cunning old sarpent. Let us make haste," he added, "for the wind cuts as keenly as my knife, and this drizzling rain is enough to wet a fellow to the skin."

The man who accompanied him gave one shrill whistle, and then paused to listen.

"Mike can't whistle; never could," muttered the mountebank.

"I don't want him to try."

"What then?"

The reply came in the shape of a pebble, which the old man cast over the wall.

"All right," exclaimed Brandt; "heave the lead."

The next instant the weight was cast over the wall. He for whom it was intended groped on his hands and knees till he found it, and then began to draw up the twine with the knotted rope attached to it.

Three jerks announced that he had succeeded.

"*We must hold our end firmly*," observed Brandt.

"Of course we must," replied his confederate; "we ain't a-goin' to let the old 'un down, eh?"

"What did you say?"

"*It would break his neck. What a lark!*"

Whether this was put as a feeler or not we must leave our readers, who by this time are pretty well acquainted with the character of the speaker, to form their own opinion; but certainly, if it was, Brandt did not choose to understand it so, for he held his end of the rope the tighter.

In half an hour—for it was a work of time—Mike stood beside the speakers on the same side of the wall.

"Now, then, old sarpent," said his pal, "here are the togs. We have no time to lose."

Long before dawn the three men were far away from Chatham.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE RECONCILIATION.

There was something exceedingly touching in the untiring, affectionate solicitude with which Peter Mangles watched day after day by the sick-bed of Mr. Bently, who at one moment appeared plunged in the profoundest melancholy—humble and weak as a child, and the next so nervously irritable, that it was impossible to address a single word to him without provoking some bitter retort.

At times, when his senses wandered, the sorrow-stricken old man would rave wildly; and the words "poison!" and "murder!" escaped him, to the intense horror of the old clerk, who very naturally wondered what it all meant.

"Poison, and murder!" he repeated to himself; "what can Richard have had to do with such unbusiness-like proceedings."

Peter's curiosity was doomed to be still further tantalised, by hearing his patient mutter something about dishonored bills from India.

"If I only knew what bills from India!" exclaimed the old man, "I might be able to satisfy him; but we have no bills, there can be no bills that concern our firm."

Then the faithful fellow would rack his brain with conjectures, and run over in his mind all the transactions of the house of Bently and Company with their Indian correspondents for the last ten years, when, just as he had discovered a faint clue to some unsettled transaction, a fresh exclamation from his employer would direct his thoughts into a different channel, and set them speculating as widely and uselessly as before.

Sometimes he asked himself what Mr. Bently meant by calling his nephew an assassin. For, bad as Peter's opinion was of Carus, he never for an instant imagined that he had so deeply fallen in crime as to seek the life of any human being.

When the evil passions are once unchained, who can prescribe their limit?

A week nearly had elapsed. The clerk was seated at his post by the bedside of his friend—no ordinary test of friendship to one of his active temperament and business habits—when the sufferer turned upon his pillow, like one who has just recovered from a painful dream, and, gazing slowly around him, pronounced the name of Peter.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the latter, with a sign of intense satisfaction, "he knows me at last."

"I have been ill—very ill, have I not?" demanded the invalid.

"On the verge of bankrupt—no, dissolution, I mean," replied Mangles. "Havn't had such a fright since the great panic; but you are better, much better now—firm as the Bank of England again."

"Have I been dreaming?" said the merchant, fixing his eyes upon those of the speaker with an inquiring expression.

"Well, Richard," answered the old man, "I should think you must have been dreaming. I am sure I hope you have, for you have talked the strangest things: bills from India dishonored!—now I am certain we have no bills," he added, anxiously, "that we are not prepared to meet: the credit of the house stands too high for that."

"True," murmured Mr. Bently, "quite true; we have gold enough. The spirit of avarice might sigh with repletion as it summed up the amount. But it has not purchased happiness, Peter."

"I am afraid not, Richard," was the reply. "And yet," added the speaker, "it ought to have done so, for it has been honestly acquired."

"But it brought pride with it," observed the former.

"True."

"And hardness of heart——"

"Never mind that now," interrupted his friend, soothingly; "I knew you would come to your senses one day. Strike a balance with your conscience, and forgive your child as a Christian and a man of business should do. It is not natural to bear enmity forever."

His employer sighed deeply—he thought of his grandson.

"Of course you will forgive her," added Peter Mangles.

"Yes, yes—I promised *him* I would."

"Promised whom?" demanded the clerk exceedingly puzzled, for it was the second time he had received the same answer.

The man of wealth made no reply; he felt that the death of our hero must be a continual reproach to him. How could he ever acknowledge to his daughter that for years he had deprived her of life's dearest blessing—the presence of her son—robbed her of the joy of witnessing his growing virtues; of exercising that healthful influence over his heart and mind which nature consecrates as the mother's peculiar privilege; how confess to her that he had refused to listen to his grandson's prayer, and condemned them to a separation which death had made eternal.

As these thoughts agitated him, Mr. Bently resolved to bury, if possible, in oblivion the sad tale of his grandson's fate. His secret was known only to Morton and Mr. Curry, as he imagined; and on their friendship he felt assured he might rely.

"Why don't you speak to me, Richard?" demanded Peter, fearing from his moody silence that his senses were once more wandering. "Shall I call the physician?"

"No," said the merchant; "the fever of my brain is passed. I have been deeply stricken; but the wound is not mortal. Time is left me to fulfill my promise. And then," he mentally added, "rejoin my poor lost boy."

"What promise?"

"You forget I have a child."

"No, I do not forget it," replied Peter Mangles, affectionately. "Do you imagine that after having been your friend from boyhood, and connected with you in business for nearly forty years, I would permit you to leave the world with an unbalanced account?—nothing of the kind," he added: "and if I thought that you could bear it——"

"I can endure anything now," interrupted the invalid.

"Well, then," continued the clerk, "Rachel is in the house."

Mr. Bently had miscalculated his strength. The intelligence had such an overwhelming effect upon his shattered nerves, that for several moments his friend regretted the precipitancy with which he had made the communication.

"Be firm," he exlaimed, greatly distressed; "pray be firm. Remember what we have born up against—three panics, Alexander's bankruptcy, besides that wretched New York affair—and recovered from them all, as we shall do so now."

"How can I face her," thought the unhappy father, "and know myself the secret cause of all her misery!"

"Better see her at once, Richard," added the speaker, "and settle the account."

In all probability, had time been given him to reflect, the merchant would have refused, not from any lingering feeling of resentment, but want of moral courage. A stifled sob at the door of his chamber informed him his daughter was there, and involuntarily he pronounced her name.

The next instant Rachel was kneeling by the side of his bed, clasping his attenuated hand in hers, and murmuring the word "pardon."

"God bless thee, poor stricken flower," exclaimed her parent, clasping her in his feeble arms, "and forgive me my unnatural harshness."

Peter Mangles waited to hear no more, but instantly quitted the room, rubbing his hands with delight. It had been the desire of years to see his old friend reconciled to his child, and the wish at last was gratified.

"I knew he would," he muttered; "I always said that his heart was in the right place. I am so glad I sent for her; the doctor advised me not, but I felt that I was right; doctors know nothing of business—how should they? Nothing like a clear account in the ledger of life to set a man's heart and mind at rest. He will get well now—he must get well—he shall get well, and in three days, or, perhaps, four, I can return to the city. Bless me," he added, in a tone so piteous that it sounded almost ludicrously in contrast with the joyous one in which the preceding words had been uttered, "*what have they done all this while without me?*

"But we shall get over that, too," he continued, as more pleasing thoughts stole over him. "Only to think, all that I have toiled and prayed for has arrived at last. Richard is reconciled to his daughter; her husband will have a share in the firm. He must take the name of Bently, though; I think we ought to insist upon that; and Mary shall marry some clever, active man of business—one of the Barings, now, or a—no, no, I think it shall be a Baring."

To his astonishment, the speaker, who had been uttering his thoughts aloud, found two delicate white arms thrown suddenly round his neck, and a pair of blue eyes gazing into his with an exceedingly arch expression.

The arms and eyes both belonged to the sister of our hero, now a lovely girl, just rising into womanhood, the consolation of both her parents, and the idol of Peter Mangles's old and affectionate heart.

"Hadn't you better consult me upon the subject?" she whispered in his ear, at the same time with difficulty suppressing an inclination to laugh.

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Peter, kissing her affectionately upon each cheek. "What can girls know about business?"

"More than you imagine," observed the young lady, archly, "about the affairs of the heart. You speak of disposing of me as if I were a bale of goods."

"If you were a bale of goods'," observed the clerk, gallantly, "all I have to say is, that he would be a lucky fellow who obtained the consignment."

"But I don't intend to be consigned by any one or to any one," answered Mary.

"You don't!"

"No. I intend to consign myself; and when the time comes, you shall sign the invoice. Won't you, Peter?" she added, coaxingly.

"You forget I am not a principal in the firm," replied Mr. Mangles, seriously.

"But not the less to be consulted in my estimation," observed Mary.

Although the conversation had been carried on in a spirit of badinage rather than sober earnestness, it caused the old man no small amount of uneasiness, for where affection is interested, the perceptions become doubly keen, and he fancied that beneath the vail of mirth and archness, he could discover traces of a deeper feeling.

Decidedly it was unwise of Peter Mangles to have set his heart upon the marriage of his young favorite with a man of business.

"Hush!" he said, pointing to the door of Mr. Bentley's chamber. "There is one who possesses a greater claim on your obedience and love."

"On my obedience, I admit," answered the fair girl; "but not upon my love. You cannot reason me out of the conviction. He is my grandfather by blood; but you have been more than a grandfather to me by adoption. I trust I shall be able to love him," she added, seriously; "and forgive him the misery his unrelenting sternness caused my parents."

Deeply as the old man felt gratified by her words, he was too just and true a friend not to set the conduct of Mr. Bently in its proper light.

"Mary," he said, "if I have never spoken with you upon this subject before, it was to avoid giving you pain. Now it is my duty to speak; for you must not misjudge your grandfather. He had just cause of anger against both your parents, who married without even asking his consent, whilst he was absent in India."

"So I have heard," replied Mary; "but the blessing of one parent hallowed their union."

"That is what I never could understand," observed Mr. Mangles, scratching his ear, his usual habit when puzzled; "for Mrs. Bently was a good woman—an excellent woman, and must have had reasons for her extraordinary conduct."

"Surely that ought to have pleaded."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the former, "and doubtless it would have done so if George—your father, I mean, had waited patiently. But, in short——."

The speaker hesitated and stammered; not even to justify his friend, could he bring himself to expose the errors of a father to his child.

"You make a poor special pleader, Peter," exclaimed his hearer, "better give up the cause at once."

"Not so."

"Go on, then."

"You shall plead it for me."

"I! how is that possible?"

"By your *recollections!*" answered the old man, seriously. "Do you never recall to mind a home of poverty, wretchedness, and want, when cold and hunger were familiar to you?"

"I remember such things," exclaimed Mary, turning exceedingly pale, "but they appear like a dream to me."

"They were no dream, but a hideous reality," continued Peter Mangles. "When a child you were too young to reflect upon the cause of these things, nor would I have called your attention to them now, had I not found your mind embittered against your grandfather. He has erred, but not to the extent you think; he has suffered more—far more I trust than you will ever feel. Love him, Mary, try to love him; you will find the path of duty sweet and easy when you pursue it earnestly."

The fair girl flung her arms around his neck, a feeling of veneration as well as affection mingled in the caress, for she felt all the truthfulness of his words, and the delicacy with which he had alluded to the early errors of her father.

It was the first and only time, perhaps, that Peter had ever indulged in anything like a sermon. If any of his city friends had heard him, they would have doubted the old man's identity, or the evidence of their own ears.

When the first emotions between Mr. Bently and his long estranged daughter had subsided—emotions which must be experienced to be fully understood, for they are too sacred to be described—Rachel rose from her knees, and, opening the door of the chamber, beckoned Mary to join her.

"Remember what I have told you," whispered Peter Mangles in the ear of his young favorite, as she quitted him.

The fair girl smiled through her tears, for she fully appreciated the motives which had led the old man to cause her a momentary pain.

Taking her by the hand, her mother led her to the bedside of her grandfather, and asked his blessing for her child.

The merchant raised himself upon his pillow, and stretching his hands over her, blessed her with a parent's blessing.

In the deep contentment of that moment, when the wish, the prayer of years was accomplished, Rachel felt a weight of sorrow removed from her long-suffering heart, and her happiness would have been complete, but for the one sad recollection which mingled with every thought, and cast a vail over the sunshine of existence.

"I had a boy, sir," she sobbed—"a noble, generous boy—whom it would have been my pride, had Heaven willed it so, to present to you to share your blessing; for he possessed all those qualities of heart and mind which give rich promise of the future man. But he was torn from me—lost, to me—and I have not even the consolation of weeping over his grave."

"Dead!" murmured Mr. Bently, with a burst of feeling which nearly betrayed his secret.

In an instant Mary was by the side of her mother; her arms entwined around her neck, endeavoring to console her.

"Not dead," she exclaimed; "God is too merciful. He has heard our prayers—I feel he has. Besides, have we not received tokens that he is in existence; and those who love him still remembered?"

"He lives, at least, in my heart," answered the sorrowing woman. "In my dreams, I continually see him, hear his voice, and feel the warm pressure of his lips upon my cheek. Father," she continued, with sudden excitement, "should I live to realize my dream of years—to clasp him in my arms—what happiness on earth could equal mine? Sometimes, I feel as if I should," she added. "Your blessing is a pledge that Heaven's will follow it. Oh, what a home of love and joy would then be mine."

The future brought thus vividly to his imagination extorted a groan of remorse and anguish from the old man. He felt that he might once have realized it, and bitterly did he accuse himself of having yielded to the impulse of pride and resentment rather than to the more generous one of forgiveness; but he was punished—punished where he had sinned, in his affections.

"Speak not of the poor boy," he sighed; "my nerves are aspen-like. I have not the strength to hear it."

"Where is George?" he added, after a pause.

"Staying with Mr. Thornton at the Elms," answered Rachel.

"Send for him," said her father; "the work of reconciliation must not be incomplete. Let us exchange forgiveness ere I die. I have been harsh, Rachel—very harsh. I feel it all now when my heart is broken."

"Do not speak of dying," sobbed his daughter, deeply touched by the old man's sorrowful words and accents of self-reproach; "life has many years of happiness, I trust, in store for you—years of love and honor."

"They might have been," was his self-accusing reply.

Mr. Bently called his granddaughter to his side. Parting the long ringlets from her forehead, he gazed upon her long and tenderly; Mary looked up in his face and faintly smiled.

"You have your mother's eyes," he said, "bright as hers once were, before sorrow had dimmed their lustre; her clear, open brow and smile. May your fate be happier than hers has been!"

At this instant Peter Mangles peeped cautiously into the room. His employer saw him, and beckoned him to approach.

"Thanks, old friend!" he said· "you have soothed the death-pang."

"Nonsense, Richard," faltered the old clerk; "you mustn't talk of dying now everything is comfortably settled. Who ever heard of closing the accounts of a firm when the balance-sheet is all fair, and every error detected? What is to prevent our all being happy?"

The merchant sighed as he thought of his grandson.

"My father has inquired for George," observed Rachel.

"Has he?" exclaimed Peter. "But, why do I ask? I knew he would—always said he would. I'll fetch him, Richard; he is a good husband, isn't he, Rachel? an excellent father—only ask Mary; and a capital man of business, you may take *my* word for that. The Elms is only a few miles from the hall—I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Think you he can bear it?" whispered Mrs. Hoffman, alarmed at the paleness which had now succeeded the flush of excitement on the features of her parent.

"Bear it!" repeated the clerk; "certainly he can. With a clear ledger—heart, I mean—a man can bear anything."

With this observation he hopped rather than walked out of the room; and in a few minutes was on his way to the residence of Mr. Thornton.

Leaving Mr. Bently, for the present, to the care of his daughter and Mary, we must follow the messenger of peace and reconciliation upon his errand.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE RED AVENGER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Among the early settlers of New Hampshire was a man named Mark Stanton. He took up a piece of rich, high intervale land upon the Saco River, and built him a snug cabin, into which he put his wife and three children. He was a bold, hardy man, but not reckless. He loved his wife and little ones too well to hold his life lightly, and he was contented to live in peace if he could be so permitted. But peace was not natural to that section at that particular time. The Indians in the mountain regions were cruel and vengeful—far more so than those who dwelt upon the margins of the lakes and rivers—and to plunder the white man was one of the chief objects of their expeditions. Mark's nearest neighbor was Peter Drover, who lived some two miles distant, near the western shore of Lovel's Pond.

One evening, as Mark Stanton was returning from Drover's, whither he had been on business, he heard the cry of a child not far from his path. At first he thought it might be the wail of some wild animal, but upon listening more attentively he became assured that it was really the voice of a child, as he could plainly distinguish the tones of terror and entreaty. But this was not all. He knew it to be the voice of one of his own children—his little Anna—who was in the habit of coming to meet him when he had been away. He heard her beg to be allowed to go home—he heard her pray to some one not to kill her—and then he heard a gasping, gurgling sound, as though her mouth had been stopped. By this time he knew what had happened. He knew that his little Anna was in the hands of an Indian, and as soon as the first shock of horror was passed he was nerved to action. He bent his ear to the ground, and soon satisfied himself that there was but one savage, for he could hear the footsteps plainly over the dry twigs. Quickly but cautiously he crept through the bushes, and finally he saw the red man, not far distant, hurrying away through the deep wood. The Indian was tall and powerful, and he bore the light form of the child under his arm as though it had been a mere feather's weight. The little thing had ceased struggling, for one of the great red hands was pressed hard over her mouth, and she seemed nearly exhausted.

It took Mark Stanton a few moments to consider. Should he follow the savage until he could rush upon him and beat him down, or should he trust his nerve to a trial of his rifle? If he took the latter course there was a bare possibility that his child might be injured; but if he pursued the former the chances were vastly more against him; for, should the savage be alarmed before he could reach him, of which there would be a strong probability, the life of his child might be sacrificed in a moment. So he determined to trust his rifle. He hurried forward until he reached a point whence he could command a good aim, and then he raised the trusty weapon to his shoulder. He covered the center of the red man's head with his sight—then he breathed a quick prayer to God for support—and in a moment more the sharp report rang through the forest. Without waiting for the light smoke to clear away, Stanton sprang forward, and found the savage just gasping in his death-struggle, while the child lay senseless by his side. The father caught her up in his stout arms, and in a few moments he found that she lived; and in a few more he was assured that she had not been hurt. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to stand alone her father put her down, and re-loaded his rifle, and examined the fallen Indian. From the dress and the ornaments Mark judged that he had been a warrior of some note; but he was dead now, and would fight no more battles.

Anna was now sufficiently recovered to realize the good fortune that had attended her in the presence of her father, and when she was once more clasped to his bosom, and had thrown her arms about his neck, she told him how she had been captured. She had left the cot to come and meet him, and when she had gone a short distance the Indian sprang out of some bushes by the side of the path, and seized her. She did not see him until he was upon her, and when she tried to cry out he stopped her mouth with his hand; nor did he remove it until they had gone so far that her voice could not be heard by those at the cot.

The sun was just sinking when Stanton reached home, and though there was much fear and terror from what had happened, yet there was cause for gratitude also, for the loved one was well and safe. But Mrs. Stanton took occasion to urge her husband, as she had several times urged him before, to leave their present home, and remove to the settlement near the pond; and he promised her that he would think of it. His crops were nearly ready for the harvest, and as soon as they were gathered he would find nearer neighbors. On the following morning he went out to the place where he had left the dead Indian, and he found that the body had been carried away. He found tracks about the spot, and he knew that the corse had been removed by some of its living friends; so he went home with the determination to keep his eyes open, and his rifle ready.

On the morning of the day succeeding, as Mark Stanton stepped from his cot, he saw something lying upon his door-stone, and on picking it up he found it to be an arrow, with the skin of a rattlesnake wound about it. He knew enough of Indian signs and tokens to know that this was a fatal signal. The man who had left that snake-bound shaft at his door had sworn to kill him. At first he thought of keeping this intelligence from his wife, but upon reflection he concluded it would be better to let her into the secret, for she might then not only help him keep watch, but she could keep the children within safe distance of the cot. So he went back and told her what he had found. Her first impulse, as soon as she understood what her husband told her, was to hasten to the settlement.

"That would hardly be safe," returned Mark, "for this avenger may be even now watching near the cot, and were we to start out I might get a rifle ball through my body."

Mrs. Stanton was sorely frightened, but she had sense enough to see that her husband was right; and she urged her point no more. During the whole of that day they remained in doors, but saw no signs of Indians. The children were suffered to play in the yard before the house, but they trusted themselves no further away. During the succeeding night the husband and wife took turns in keeping watch, and on the following morning Mark ventured to the door. Near the stone-step he saw another arrow, and attached to the head was a roll of birch bark. He picked it up and carried it into the cot, and upon unrolling the bark he found three drawings upon it. The first was made to represent a dead Indian, and from the peculiar hieroglypics attached to it he knew that it was meant for MATTAMPA, a noted brave of the mountain tribe. The second figure was of an Indian, with a drawn bow in his hand, and an arrow just speeding from it. Beneath this was the name of KALARNA. The third figure was of a white man, with an arrow piercing his bosom. Mark had no difficulty in making this out. He had often heard of Kalarna and Mattampa as two stout, warlike brothers; and he knew that the latter of these was the man he had slain. Kalarna was bent upon revenge, and he had thus made known his purpose, and Stanton knew enough of the Indian character to know that he would not swerve from his vengeful plan till the deed was done, or till he fell in the conflict.

"There may be a lot of them skulking around the cot," suggested Mrs. Stanton.

"No," said her husband. "Such a brave as Kalarna would never suffer that. I have slain his brother, and he alone will seek revenge. I know the character of these red savages too well. What I have not seen with my own eyes, and understood from my own observations, I have gathered from others. This avenger will hang around my path till he accomplishes his fell purpose, unless I can contrive to circumvent him. He has given me fair warning, and all the rest will be done in the dark. He thinks he has put me upon the rack, and now he will take the first opportunity to send a rifle-ball through my heart."

"And cannot we send to the pond for help?" asked his wife.

"No," replied Mark, with a dubious shake of the head; "we may rest assured that no one will be suffered to go to the settlement."

It was a perplexing situation. The stout man was fairly imprisoned in his own cot, and by an unseen foe. It might be possible that the avenger was not yet upon the track, but it was not at all probable. In fact, he had all the advantage upon his side. He could move as he pleased in the dense wood about the cot, while Stanton could not even step out into his yard without being seen, and marked for a bullet.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Stanton went out to the spring, at a short distance from the cot, after a pail of water. When she came in she was pale and tremulous, and it was with difficulty that she bore her burden to its proper place. Her husband asked her what was the matter, and she told him she had seen an Indian—she saw his red face peering out from the bushes beyond the spring. She knew she was not mistaken, for she had seen him plainly. She saw him when she first stepped from the door, as he raised his head, and yet she had gone to the spring and got her water without betraying, by even a sign, that she had observed him. She pointed out the spot where she saw him, and Mark viewed it from one of the small loop-holes between the logs. The bushes were a thick clump of white-wood, just at the edge of the clearing, and not over eight rods from the cot. He could see no Indian, but he could see a place where an Indian could very well hide, and he had no doubt that there was one there.

"What will you do?" the woman cried, in an agony of fear and suspense. "The moment you dare step outside of the door you will be shot. Oh! if we could but get word to the——"

"Stop!" interrupted Mark, laying his hand quickly and nervously upon his wife's arm. "If *I* go out I am sure to be shot; but suppose something should go out *that only looked like me!*"

Mrs. Stanton gazed up into her husband's face, but she did not comprehend his meaning.

"We'll send out a '*man of straw*,'" pursued Mark, "and if the Indian fires at it, I can fire at him in turn, for he will be sure to show himself when he has discharged his piece. Do you understand?"

The wife said she thought she did.

"Then let us go at work as quickly as possible, before the Indian changes his lurking-place."

Mark's plan was clear now, and they proceeded at once to carry it into execution. The garments which he usually wore were well stuffed out with bedding, and a proper looking head was fashioned from a small pillow, upon one side of which was tacked a piece of bear-skin to represent hair; and when the hat had been secured in its proper place the whole formed as respectable a looking effigy as could be well gotten up; and so well had it been proportioned, that the good wife declared that, had she seen it in the woods for the first time, and caught a side or back view of it, she should certainly have thought it to be her husband. When the thing had been all fashioned, a broom-handle was secured beneath the right arm, so that it could be held in an upright position, and Mrs. Stanton practised upon it until she could move it about with the appearance of life. Mark now took his rifle, and having poured fresh priming into the pan, he took his station at the loop-hole which looked towards the cover of the Indian, and as soon as the muzzle of the piece was in its place, and he was sure of his aim, he gave his wife the signal.

Mrs. Stanton opened the door very slowly, at the same time lifting the effigy out upon the stone, with its back towards the lurking Indian. In a moment more Mark saw a human head pop up above the white-wood bushes. He saw the face of the red man plainly, and he covered the right eye with the sight of his rifle. A light wreath of smoke curled up from the bushes, and at the same instant Stanton discharged his weapon, so that both reports were simultaneous. He saw the red avenger leap high into the air, and then fall, and then he hastened to the side of his wife, who had dropped her burden, and sank back upon a stool. He examined the effigy, and found that a bullet had pierced it through and through, taking its course just where the heart would have lain in a human bosom!

Mark Stanton waited a while, and then he went out to the white-wood bushes, where he found the vengeful Kalarna dead, with a bullet-hole through the brain. He felt safe for the present, for he believed that this attempt upon his life had been planned by Kalarna alone; but he feared that he would not be safe long so far removed from his white neighbors, especially since he had slain two noted warriors of the enemy; so he made arrangements as speedily as possible for removing to the settlement, which he did on the following day, much to the gratification of his wife, and to the safety of himself and children. And he moved not a bit too soon, for on the morning of the very next day a party of Indians attacked his cot, and when they found it empty, and the furniture gone, they burned it down, and destroyed such of the crops as were handily destructible. But the stout settler cared little for the loss. He had saved his more precious treasures, and he was content.

THE OLD PARSONAGE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

LETTER I.

It is joyous midsummer without, dear Gertrude; the soft haze is in the blue sky, and spreads, gauze-like, over all the lovely landscape, where green fields stretch far away in verdurous billows; where trees wave their mighty arms; where flowers bloom; where all animal life stirs in its intensest vigor. The sunlight bathes the white walls of our dear cottage home, casting deep green shadows from our trees and vines, over every sheltered nook, and to him who looks only with the outward eye, the place and the scene seem to wear their utmost beauty, to rejoice in the glad fulness of the year's life.

But to my eyes, Gertrude, all this fair, familiar scene wears but a funereal aspect. The dim, blue midsummer haze is a pall; the sunlight falls cold and still, like the red light of lamps that burn beside the dead, the intense verdure that clothes the fields is nature's mourning garb—the earth's weeds of sorrow for him who lies beneath her bosom; and our house is a tomb, where we move about, pale watchers at the shrine of departed worth.

Gertrude, my father is dead! No words can more fitly express all I feel than these. Dead! That reverend form stricken to nothingness, and given to decay. Dead! That beaming face, whose smile was love, still as the sculptured marble, and as expressionless. Dead! The music of his deep tones forever hushed, the tread of his feet forever silenced! Dead! For the places that once knew him know him no more. He sits no more by our fireside or our board; the papers on his study table gather the slow settling dust; the pulpit is vacant, the little church, where so long his voice spoke to the people divine truths that his life exemplified, will never again send back the echo of his tones from its gray old walls. Oh, Gertrude, the shadow of our desolate woe falls darkly over us! We are orphans and alone!

Not the least of the troubles that now assail us, dear friend, is the necessity of leaving our home. Sophy and I have known no other. Here, in this sweet spot, we were born and reared. It is endeared to us by all the joys, by all the sacred sorrows of our young lives. All our experiences have been here, and the world is to us a mystery which we gladly would not seek to fathom. Yet we must be thrust out to meet it—to solve for ourselves the dark problem of our fate! For next month the new rector will arrive at Lyndale, and the house must, ere then, be vacated by us, and ready for his reception.

Mamma's little fortune is ours, our friend Mr. Grayson says. We leave all to him unquestioningly, for he was papa's man of business and trusted friend. He will find us a quiet home in the village, lodgings in some respectable house, and we shall remove to them as soon as they are ready.

You can imagine something of our desolation, Gertrude, two girls, scarcely past childhood, suddenly thrust out from the sacred quiet, and peace, and love of our home, our father forever gone from us, leaving us to meet *alone* all the coming events that still lie darkly in our future. Our only living relative is mamma's sister, our aunt, Mrs. Livingston, and she is absent on a long tour through the East with uncle Livingston. We have not seen her since our childhood; we know little of her, and she never interested herself in us. She has been here but once since mamma's death, and then only for a flying visit just before leaving for England, paid, evidently, more from some sense of duty, or as the formal observance of a propriety, than from a more loving motive.

Papa made uncle Livingston our guardian, jointly with Mr. Grayson, who has written, sending all particulars. But the address of the travelers is uncertain, and months, perhaps years, may elapse before we either hear from or see them. And so, meanwhile, with no protection but that of our kind friend, Mr. Grayson, we two, Sophy and I, must go forth forever from our home. Come to us, Gertrude, when the sad wrench of this parting is over. We shall need your sympathy in our loneliness, and your love always.

ATHALIE ARDEN.

LETTER II.

Gertrude, all is over. The dear old home has been left forever. The rooms where we played in infancy, and sat in maturer years; the study of our father; the room where he and my mother died; the garden, with all its blooms and verdure; the trees *he* planted; the flowers we tended and

trai el; even the familiar furniture, and the servants, whose faces and speech were part of our household life, are all left behind. All the plenishing belonged to the parsonage, and as we had no need of servants, our maids and man gladly remained behind to perform their accustomed duties in the service of the new rector.

And, Gertrude, we have seen him, too. He is a young, unmarried man, and he sent to us saying that he trusted we would still occupy the rector's pew, which otherwise would be quite empty. We should have felt strangely out of place, elsewhere, and we went.

Oh, friend, to hear another voice from the pulpit and reading desk from whence *his* solemn tones had issued every Sabbath of our lives! Do you wonder that we bowed our heads and wept uncontrollably, glad to be sheltered, in that hour, by the curtains of our pew? It was hard, very hard. And then to go out, when the service was over, not along the shaded gravel-walk, into the pleasant garden and through the low, vine-embowered door of the parsonage into those familiar rooms, but along the dusty village street, to the white, unsheltered house that is now our home, and into the two small, plain apartments, so unlike the pleasant chambers where our days had passed so happily until this great grief fell upon us.

To-day the rector visited us—a tall stately man, youthful but grave, serenely quiet, but with kind inflections in his tones, that told of sympathies laying warmly beneath that undemonstrative exterior. Our hearts warmed toward him at once, for he stands in our father's place. He is our spiritual teacher and guide, and we fain would feel that he is our friend. When his sister, Mrs. Lawson, who is to reside with him, arrives, we shall go sometimes to the parsonage. Mr. Franklin asked us to speak to her about the garden, and to look upon it still as our own, for she is city-bred, and knows nothing of flowers. So we shall have still one link binding us to our home.

ATHALIE ARDEN.

LETTER III.

Dear Gertrude, three years have passed since I wrote you in the early desolation of my bereavement. I have written you often since, and you have had the faithful record of my life. To you, darling, I have whispered the faint, delicious hopes that bloomed along my life. You have known all my tremulous happiness, have shared the one bright dream that came with the dawn that broke upon my night of sorrow.

Oh, Gertrude, the fragrance of those hopes has vanished, my happiness is dead, I have awakened from my dream!

I thought he loved me, because his eyes beemed upon me with a kindly light, because his voice took a deeper tone when he spoke to me.

I was deceived, self-deceived, I now know, for only as a brother did Leonard Franklin ever look upon me. Why could I not have known and felt it long ago? But, perhaps, even that would not have saved me from pouring out all the intense and ardent love of my nature upon him who is Sophy's lover, and is to be Sophy's husband.

Yes, I write it here unfalteringly. For all is settled. I no longer struggle against my fate. A dull apathy has fallen upon me. I think I feel nothing any more. I suffer no physical pain, yet I lie here, weak and exhausted, in my bed-chamber, upon the couch whose cushions Sophy's hands have lovingly arranged. Her kiss, with the warmth and fragrance of her dewy lips, still lingers on my cheek; there are flowers beside me from the parsonage-garden—flowers that *he* brought to her, but which she has given to me, as she would strive to give me all, if she only knew.

I hear the low tones of the lover's voices from the adjoining room. I hear his voice in questions, and her timid replies, and I know that he is seeking to hear, over and over again, the fond assurance he has won from her lips. Once I thought—but it is past, and surely it matters little, because life is short, even for me who am young still, and beyond there is the world where we shall meet the loved ones, and where there will be no more mistakes.

Next week you will come to me, Gertrude, will you not? They will have gone away then, and I shall be lonely. Come and stay with me during that brief bridal-tour, and be ready, with me, to welcome the bride to her home, the old home and the new—the beloved roof that sheltered all her pure, happy childhood, as I trust it may long years of a wife's joys and pleasant duties.

I shall live with them, for I cannot leave Sophy, and there is no home so fitting for me as that of my brother Leonard Franklin. Don't pity me, Gertrude. I shall, because I will, God helping me, rise above all that now oppresses me, and prostrates the energies of my being.

I shall find employments and compensations for the loneliness of my life. By-and-by, perhaps, I shall have Sophy's children to love—Sophy's and Leonard's. How dear will they be to me. The maiden aunt will not be without warm affections springing ever around her, if God gives Sophy children.

But I shall not be miserable while still unseparated from her. I shall learn to look upon my brother with a sister's calm affection. I could not dwell beneath the roof which once sheltered my revered father and my saintly mother, where, perhaps, their spirits still linger, and cherish there an unholy passion. Fear not for me, Gertrude, for all shall yet be well with me.

ATHALIE ARDEN.

LETTER IV.

A score of years have passed, dear Gertrude, since I penned the letters that disclosed to you something of the desolation of those days of grief that followed my father's death, the violent sundering of all the ties of childhood, and the removal from the home where my life had thus far been spent.

You know all that followed, my brief dream of happiness and its awakening, and to you only of mortals, did I reveal aught of the fearful struggles that well nigh reduced me to the grave. You also know how I triumphed. How in the calm quiet of the years that followed I pursued a pleasant path of duty, and dwelt beneath the roof of my brother and my sister respected, beloved and honored, at once counselor and friend. How little ones came, clinging to me only less fondly than to their beautiful, fragile mother. How I loved, and tended, and nurtured them with my anxious affection. How they all repaid me well—the little ones that died with wistful, loving glances fixed to the last upon my face, and little Sophy the one child that lived beyond the perilous period of infancy, who clung to me always with intensest affection.

You know, too, how Sophy, my sister, faded gradually before our eyes. Fair and fragile as the late snow-wreaths that lingered beneath the budding hedgerowes, she wasted before the warm spring breath. We laid her to rest beneath the primroses, last year, and yesterday Leonard Franklin lay down by her side. Lovely and loving in their lives, in death they were not divided. Beyond the dark waters Sophy seemed ever standing, beckoning with pale, bright hand to him she left behind.

He faded and drooped from the day of her death. He, too, yielded to the soft, insidious breath of spring, and so, when the year passed, we laid him also beneath the primroses. After life's calm joys they sleep well, beneath the shadow of the little church, in sight of the windows whence they often looked forth upon the clustering mounds that told where, in the verdant bosom of the earth, our family were gathered.

Again I shall go forth from the old home, but not alone. Another Sophy, my charge, my child, will gladden my maiden home. We shall still be happy, for in all our grief there is no murmur of despair. We know that our partings are not forever.

ATHALIE ARDEN.

CANTING CORNER.

BY RUTH HARRINGTON.

I was about nine years old when my mother died, and as my father had been dead several years, I went to live with my grandmother, my only remaining relative, who was a prim old lady, living in a prim little house, in the prim little village of Canting Corner.

Now there are two kinds of old ladies: the fat old lady with a double chin and capacious pocket, who is associated, in the minds of her grand-children, with cranberry tarts and gingerbread; and the lean old lady, who wears a spotless cap, ornamented with an equal number of faded bows on either side; whose collar is never awry; whose spectacles are never misplaced, and who glides about, stealthy and ghostlike, much to the disgust of various juvenile delinquents, whom she pounces upon when they least expect her, carrying off in triumph some little towhead, caught in the very act of rifling the cupboard, to endure the terrors of the dark closet.

My grandmother Castleton was of the latter description, narrow-minded, formal and precise; the finding of a pin on the "best room" carpet would furnish her with a subject of conversation for a week. I went to her from my mother's grave, and her first act was to cut off all my glossy curls, of which that mother had been so proud, and take from me her miniature, which I was discovered crying over, saying, by way of consolation, "there's no use wasting any tears; I'm to be your mother now." This sympathizing remark not having the desired effect—for the big tears continued to chase each other down my cheeks—I was sent to bed, and without a light, for grandmother said it was "moonlight, and no need a wasting candles." I wished it had been totally dark, for the moon shimmered through the vines which overhung my window, casting uncertain shadows on the floor, so that I fancied some robber had climbed the lattice, and was peering in at me; then, too, the high posts of the old-fashioned bed looked so ghostly in the dim light. I remembered how my dear mother used to tuck me so snugly in my little trundle-bed, and that she was lying in the cold, damp earth, where I should never see her more; and I covered my head with the bed-clothes, and what with sorrow and affright, I sobbed myself to sleep, to awake feverish and unrefreshed in the morning.

The first week passed drearily enough. I had little to amuse me in the house, beside the monotonous clicking of grandmothers knitting needles. Once I ventured into the kitchen to pour my sorrows in Biddy's willing ear, and received consolation in the shape of a doughnut; but it was only once, for grandmother did not "approve of children's pestering the help." Prohibited the kitchen, dreading the loneliness of my own room, never daring to cross the awful threshold of the darkened parlor, and driven from the "sitting-room" by grandmother's stern presence, I resorted to the diminutive garden, till I could almost count the blades of grass, and number the ant-hills in the gravel walk. I wearied of watching the bird's nest in one of the four fir trees which ornamented the corners of the garden, and the little green snake gliding through was to me a welcome friend in my loneliness.

I was soon sent to the village school, kept by Mr. Markham, a man after grandmother's own heart. I was much happier now that I had associates, although I was not allowed to linger after school was dismissed to join them in their games, and if one of them ventured to visit me, the call was never repeated, so coolly did grandmother treat them. I was never a favorite at school; the older scholars looked down on me, those of my own age snubbed me, and it was only with the little ones that I found favor. There was one exception; Charley Wadsworth and I were inseparable friends. He was four years my senior, and I looked up to him as my champion and defender, and whenever I was wrongfully accused, I felt certain that Charley would come gallantly to the rescue; indeed, our friendship dated from the time that he took a flogging to shield me, the absent and real offender, from blame. I never forgot this, nor was it the only kind deed I had to thank him for. Was it not Charley who stole green apples for me? Charley from whom I received the daily bunch of wild flowers? Charley who affected ignorance, that I might go above him in the class? Charley who drew me to school on his sled, when the January snow covered the frozen ground?

Five years had passed, and they had been long years to me. It was my fourteenth birthday, and while grandmother was taking a comfortable afternoon nap, I strolled into a shady grove not far from the house. Seated on some soft, green moss behind a clump of bushes, I was twisting a wreath of anemones, when I heard voices the other side of some brushwood. I gathered my flowers in my apron, and not wishing to play the part of eavesdropper, was about to return, when I heard some one say—

"Well, I can't imagine, Charley, why such a handsome fellow as you should fancy Matty Castleton; for my part, I think she is the ugliest girl I ever saw."

I dropped my flowers and ran towards home, heedless of the briars that tore my feet at every step, my cheeks burning and my ears tingling, as I repeated to myself the words I had just heard, "the ugliest girl I ever saw." I had never thought much about my looks before, but now I went straight to my room, and peered anxiously in the little cracked looking-glass. Freckles marred the fairness of the face reflected there; the nose was decidedly too large, the eyes red with weeping. Yes, I certainly *was* homely. From this time I grew shy and awkward, and in my mind, the fact that I was fearfully and unmitigatedly ugly, was as established as the Church of England.

A few months after this Charley went on a whaling voyage; it was his father's wish that he should become a sailor. This was very hard to bear, and our parting was a sad one. I gave him a lock of my hair in return for one of his dark curls, sobbing bitterly all the while. He seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and putting his arm around my waist, he pulled me gently down upon his knee.

"Matty," he said, taking my little brown hands in his; "Matty, I shall be gone three or four years, and you will miss me very much, as I shall you; but when I come back you will be my wife—won't you, Matty?"

I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat prevented me; but he knew what was in my heart. He kissed my tear-stained cheek, softly unclasped my arms from around his neck, and was gone.

Charley had left me; there was no one to care for me now, and I lay down, with my burning face pressed close to the damp moss, and cried as if my heart would break. It was quite dark, and my dress was wet with dew, when I crept up to my little room, and lay down upon the bed, but no sleep visited my eyelids that night. After a time I grew calmer, and would grow quite contented looking at a little curl of black hair, and repeating to myself over and over again Charley's parting words.

He had not been gone many weeks before grandmother sickened and died. We buried her in the quiet little churchyard, when the leaves were falling from the trees, and the moss was brown and withered, where Charley and I parted.

Our little house was sold, and I went to live with Mr. Markham, who had been appointed my guardian, and the executor of grandmother's will, (she had left me all her property). It was proposed at first that I should share with Emma Markham a large and pleasant room in the second story, but I easily gained permission to occupy a little attic chamber, with a slanting roof. It would at least be *mine*. Here I spent most of my time out of school hours, gazing out of a small round window which commanded a view of the village and surrounding country.

Three years after entering the Markham family I left school; not that I knew so much, but that my teacher knew so little. It was at this time that John Markham, my guardian's "eldest hope," came to the conclusion that my small fortune would be an agreeable addition to his capital, and persecuted me with his attentions accordingly. Christmas morning, having screwed his courage up to the sticking-point, he made me an offer of his "heart and hand," and appeared utterly astounded at my refusing the honor of presiding over his dried apples and meal bags. (He was the happy proprietor of the only grocery Canting Corner could boast).

John soon related his woes to the other members of the family, who, "mingling their groans together," voted me very ungrateful, and concluded to spend the day at Mr. Markham's father's, extending to me a very cool invitation to accompany them, which was declined.

After the departure of the Markhams, I ran up to my room, and sitting down by the window, leaned my hot cheek against the frosty glas. The house over the way was brilliantly lighted up, and through the parted curtains I could see the merry inmates gathered around a blazing fire, while the toys scattered about the floor told plainly of sleepy little pets, stuffed with cakes and candies, and snugly tucked in their warm beds by loving mammas. I rose from the window sickened by their merry laughter, scarcely noticing a dark figure moving over the snow towards the house. A loud ringing of the door-bell startled me from my reverie, and Ann announced that there was "a fine gentleman in the parlor as wanted to see me." Smoothing down my rumpled frock, and giving my tangled curls a hasty brush I went down stairs.

The parlor door was slightly ajar; the lamps had not been lit, but the hickory wood which blazed and crackled on the andirons cast a red, flickering light over everything. A tall gentleman was standing before the fire, with one arm resting on the mantel-piece. His back was towards the door, but as I entered he heard the rustling of my dress, and turned. The face was bronzed that was once so fair, and a silken moustache concealed the scornful curve of the lip, but I knew Charley. My heart stood still for a moment, and then it beat so loudly against my bodice, I thought he must have heard it; everything in the room swam round, and then I found myself crying heartily on Charley's breast. Seated on the sofa, Charley, with his arm around my waist, told me the history of the last three years, which was well punctuated with kisses, and Ann never seemed so officious as when she entered to light the lamp.

Love's history, though old as time, is always new. If there linger those who have outlived all remembrance of their youthful feelings, still a new generation is always rising whose hopeful, sympathetic hearts have no sneer for love's young dream. For such is my story written.

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY G. S.

Whither doth frantic horror urge
My hurried steps?—O woe is me!
These dark waves roll a sanguine tide—
No, no—they are the sea.

To the broad earth's remotest verge
The wrath of God before me flies,
And with a voice that tears my soul,
"Vengeance—eternal vengeance," cries.

I am accursed—my brother's blood
Dashes against this wild sea-shore;
It shrieks upon the hollow blast—
It thunders in the torrent's roar.

As round the craggy wave-worn rock
Whirls the impetuous, eddying flood,
So fiercely terror racks my frame
From God's decree for Abel's blood.

Lay bare thy depths, thou great profound!
Show me the womb of night, thou deep!
Vain prayer—the Avenger waits me there;
His eyes are flame—they never sleep—

Plunged in thy bottomless abyss,
Abel's pale form would meet my sight,
As flying—flying, now I see it
On the tall mountain's topmost hight.

E'er since my brother's blood was spilt,
O woe is me!—O woe is me!
My steps the Avenger's curse pursues,
It follows—ever follows me!

THE STUDENT AND STRANGER;

OR,

LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOR AS ONE'S SELF.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

"Mary, will you wait *three* years, then?"

"*Six*, Charles, so that we are married at last," answered the soft-eyed girl whom the young student of divinity addressed.

"In three years I shall be ordained and have charge of a parish, and then I can support you. Much as I would wish to make you my wife now, I love you too fondly to wed you to the privations and poverty which I would now have to struggle with."

"It is such a pity, Charles, you did not read law. Father would then, as he says, have taken you into his office and made you his junior partner, and you would so soon have become rich. He does not dislike you, but he wished our engagement broken off because he says 'we shall always be poor, as but few clergymen are supported as they ought to be.'"

"I would not abandon my studies and my hopes in the ministry for untold gold, Mary," answered the young man, his fine dark eyes lighting up with the brilliancy of inspiration. "I know my friends say I have sacrificed myself and my hopes by becoming a candidate for orders; but it is no sacrifice I have made in my own view. But if, with being disinherited by my father, I lose *you* also, dear Mary, it will then become, indeed, a *sacrifice!*"

"I will be true to you, Charles," answered Mary.

"This I believe, because I know you so well. Then now we part, and our engagement terminates until I graduate from Nashotah seminary, for so unyielding are their regulations, that they receive no one therein who is bound by any matrimonial engagement. If one thus bound enters there, he must break off his engagement."

"But only outwardly, Charles, will we be disengaged. In heart we are still betrothed!"

"In heart, yes, but not in word. With this embrace we release each other from our mutual vows!"

There was a moment's silence. The voice of Mary was first heard, trembling with emotion.

"You will write to me, Charles?"

"No, Mary. There is permitted no correspondence with any one but relatives, sisters or mother. We part for three years!"

The young man who thus parted from the daughter of the Honorable Mr. Carey was the son of a wealthy and avaricious merchant, who intended his only son, Charles, should have made a sensation in the fashionable world as a millionaire, and marry advantageously. He heard of his predilection for the church with disgust and anger. But after many arguments and long-continued efforts to change his mind, he disinherited him, hoping thereby to bring him to his senses. But the resolute and conscientious Charles Eardley remained firm. At Nashotah, Wisconsin, he could be received, and pursue his studies without expense. His greatest grief was the necessity of giving up his engagement, and holding no correspondence with Mary Carey for three years.

At Nashotah he fared hard with the poorest. He suffered every privation, and the students there are trained in privations, while the church they are preparing to serve rolls in luxury. Charles's wardrobe wore out the first year, and he found that the livery of patches and threadbare cloth which had excited his smile when he first beheld the students go about in it, had to be worn by himself. At one time, among thirty-six divinity students, there was but *one* decent coat, and when any one had to go to the next town to buy stationery or necessaries, this was worn by him, until nearly every student had worn it throughout the year!

The necessities of this noble band somehow (not by their own hand) got bruited into a secular paper, and came before the eyes of Mary. The next week a trunk was despatched all the way from Philadelphia, where she resided, to Nashotah, directed, in a feigned hand, to

"Mr. Charles Eardley."

It safely reached him, but he had not money to pay for its carriage from Milwaukie, forty miles, to the college. Not all the spare money of the students clubbed together could reach the amount of the carrier's bill, three dollars and a quarter! In such a school were trained the ministry of the church in the West. So they had *books*, and bread and fish, they rejoiced that they had the opportunity to prepare for the preaching of the gospel, even at such sacrifices.

When the trunk was unlocked by Charles, the whole crowd of his fellow students stood around with curiosity, for when had a trunk ever come to Nashotah before?

At its multifarious contents, they set up a general shout. There were new suits of clothes, shirts, vests, warm stockings, flannels, a gay dressing-gown, and every variety of clothing, with little jars of jelly, fruit, and a large iced cake! There were, besides, books rare and needful. Never had Nashotah beheld such a sight before! The young men were fairly excited into a degree of hilarious amazement that made them for the nonce forget the gravity of theological students.

Charles, bewildered, wondered from whom it came, unpacked the whole trunk, and let every one handle and see for himself.

"A new coat and pants!" said a waggish fellow. "Now I speak for wearing this next after Eardley, for I want to go down to Milwaukie, and our college coat is not only out at the elbows, but has lost half its buttons!"

Charles was puzzled. No letter gave him any clue as to the donor. A card simply contained "A Present," in carefully pen-printed letters.

"Who could think of him to do this?"

"Mary alone," whispered a secret voice in his heart.

We need not say that the contents of the trunk, especially the clothing, were shared equally among his fellow students, and even by his generosity, the good professor rejoiced in a pair of thick woolen hose; for the professors were as poor as the students.* At length our young student graduated with eminent honors, and received the diploma of B. D., or Bachelor of Divinity.

He was now permitted to revisit Philadelphia, after which he was to be sent by the bishop to the frontier, to carry the gospel to the Indians.

On the Lake boat to Buffalo (for he had kept school in his vacation to get money to travel), his attention was drawn to an elderly man who was lying upon a tier of cable, wrapped in a cloak, and apparently very ill. The crowd on the boat was great, the berths all engaged, and it was cold and blustering weather. The groans, at intervals, of the poor man, drew the steps of Charles towards him; for to do good to all men, and especially to the sick, and destitute, and poor, is the office of a minister of the Cross.

He bent down to him, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"I am very ill, young man," answered the sufferer. "I could not get a berth. I was ill when I left Cleaveland, but I am now in a burning fever. Give me water, if you please."

The young deacon hastened for a glass of water, then, calling two men, aided them in taking him to his own berth, and when he had placed him there comfortably, he searched throughout the boat for a physician. He found one, and brought him to the invalid, whose pulse by this time was up to a hundred and twenty, and he talked with the incoherence of delirium. He spoke of his wealth, of banks, of stocks, of money on bond and mortgage, until the doctor said—

"This man, who is evidently very poor by his dress, though I dare say he has seen better days, shows in his fever the bent of his mind. He is by nature avaricious. Delirium is the key which reveals the true man unwittingly to himself."

"Do you think he will be very ill?" asked Charles.

"I think he will have a course of typhoid. It will be a month before he can travel, if he ever recovers. He seems to be alone!"

"I will not leave him," answered Charles, firmly, and looking at the poor old man with sympathy. "Neglected and deserted he will die."

"Of course! If you choose to see to him, you will be doing a kind act. I would advise you to send for proper authorities when the boat reaches Buffalo, and have him removed to the hospital."

The next day when the boat got into port Charles delayed on board until the last. He then learned from the morose and impatient captain where the hospital was, and getting a permit from the Mayor he hired an easy hack, and had the sick man carefully borne into it. Taking a seat by his side and holding him in his arms he was driven to the City Hospital. The fever still was high upon him, but he was not so lost as not to feel and express his gratitude to Charles, who saw him to a room, and put into a neat bed covered with clean linen sheets.

Charles was anxious to hasten on to Philadelphia. He had written to Mary (his only letter in three years) the day after his graduation, that he would be at her house on a certain day. But the poor old man would not suffer him to leave him. He seemed to hang upon him, and cling to him as if his life depended on his staying with him till he was out of danger.

After a little reflection Charles resolved to remain, at least, two or three days with Mr. Goddard, for this was the name upon an old pocket-book without money in it which the attendant removed from his pocket.

For eleven days Charles watched and nursed by the stranger's bedside, until the danger was over. He then told him that he must go on his journey; that another waited for and expected him.

"Well, go, and God bless you. You have saved my life. I shall never forget you. I have your name. When I forget my own name I shall forget yours and your devotion to me, a poor, sick stranger. Where do you live?"

"I have no home. I am a missionary to go where I am to be sent. My father lives in Philadelphia, but he has disowned me, because I became a minister."

"You are poor, then?"

"I have nothing; yet what I have I will share with you. You are ill, and will need money. Take these eight dollars."

"No. You are too generous. You are poor. I will not rob you."

"If I have not money enough left to get to Philadelphia I can go on foot. We Nashotah men are great walkers."

"You are as generous and liberal as you are humane," answered the elderly man, grasping his hand. "I can get money by writing to a friend. Keep all you have. If you must go, Heaven reward you."

An hour afterwards Charles was in the cars on his way. In due time he reached Philadelphia. He presented himself, from motives of filial duty, at his father's house, but was denied admittance. With a clear conscience he now sought the abode of Mr. Carey, and was received by Mary with all the affection he could have desired. He found that she had not abated in her love, and that absence had rather increased their mutual affection. He now learned from her that the wonderful trunk was sent by herself.

The next day he called on her father, and formally proposed that he should consent to his marriage with Mary.

"I respect you, sir. I honor your perseverance in your profession. But Mary has been delicately nurtured. She cannot bear the privations of a young clergyman's life."

"I shall have six hundred dollars a year, sir, where I am going, and——"

Mr. Carey smiled.

"Six hundred dollars is but a shell of poverty to begin with. I am not rich. I cannot help you. You will both suffer. Wait four or five years until by your talents you command a salary that will enable you to wed without drawing into your own privations a young woman who knows not a care or sorrow."

Mr. Carey was firm, though respectful. He absolutely refused his consent to their union. Mary, with tears, consented to wait.

Four or five years is a long time for lovers to wait—who have also waited three years besides—neither permitted in the interim to write to the other.

Charles spent ten days in Philadelphia, and was on his way about ten o'clock in the morning of the last day to bid a sad "good-bye" to the sorrowful Mary, when his rich and worldly father met him, and passed him without recognizing the respectfully lifted hat of his son. This persistent conduct of his father filled his bosom with grief. As he was passing the Post-office, he entered, expecting a letter from his Bishop. One, post marked New York, was handed to him. The superscription was in an unknown hand. Upon opening it he was stunned with joy and wonder at reading as follows:—

REV. SIR: Mr. George Goddard, the wealthy manufacturer, died five days ago, on his return from Buffalo, and has made you his sole heir. Your presence is required here immediately. The property bequeathed to you is estimated at one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and is wholly unincumbered. The deceased was a bachelor, and without male heirs. The motive for this bequest is in the will stated to be in return for your Christian kindness shown to a stranger, sick and robbed of his money in a strange land.

I am, sir, respectfully, TIMOTHY PETERS,
Executor, and Attorney at Law, 67 Nassau st.

Was this letter a hoax? Could such news be true? He flew with the letter to Mary. He then for the first time gave her the particulars of his attention to Mr. Goddard. By her advice he went to New York that evening. The next day he wrote as follows:—

"It is all true! Poor Mr. Goddard relapsed after reaching the city, and died, making his will in my favor. He was as rich as stated; but one of those men who display no signs of wealth in dress. He had gone to Chicago to buy lands, and on his return was taken ill; and while lying on the cable had been robbed of four hundred dollars in bills; hence his apparent poverty. How extraordinary has my but common Christian charity been recompensed. This is a gift of Heaven to us. I shall probate the will, and soon return to make you mine. Inform your father of our good fortune."

In a month the lovers, so faithful and true, were married. Charles, instead of going west, took a parish in New York, resolved to devote his life and wealth to the benefit of the sick and poor and strangers, returning it to God by the same channel through which he had so wonderfully received it.

ACCOUNT him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

* All the above is *fact*.

VOICES

OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS BURIED IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD,* AGAINST THE EXTENSION OF ALBANY STREET OVER THEIR REMAINS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

We have heard their sordid voices by the graves where we are laid;
We have heard them counting over gain in our funereal shade—
Gain they wish from planting Mammon's statue where the laurel's bloom,
Tended by a grateful nation, flushes round the martyrs' tomb.

II.

Is all sense, all love of honor crushed by Mammon in their souls?
Are the yellow shrines of profit only known to them as goals?
Is there nothing to them holy in the patriot's battle-fire?
Nothing sacred in his coffin guarded by the Cross's spire?

III.

Rise in awful indignation, rise Americans! and wave
Banners that we fought and died for, over every threatened grave;
Rise and bid the sacrilegious back unto their demon-den!
Show their souls cannot be human though they wear the forms of men!

IV.

'Tis not for ourselves we're pleading: why for us when we are crowned?
For *yourselves*, for *your* own honor smite the monsters prowling round!
Hark! from VERNON hear the summons—"Guard, my Country, guard the rest
Of the men who for your freedom drew the sword and bared the breast!

V.

I have seen your marble splendor that above their dust has grown;
It is dearer to my spirit than an offering o'er my own—
For I know the world will cherish memory of the leaders when
It may all forget the struggles of as good but humbler men!"

VI.

Thus he cries, your Hero-Father! parted from you, yet he pleads,
Yet he prays that ye be worthy of the Revolution's deeds:
So not for ourselves we're pleading: why for us when we are crowned?
For *yourselves*, for *your* own honor smite the monsters prowling round!

* "And to deepen the sacredness of this burial-ground, it so happened, that hundreds of the patriots of the American Revolution, who had died in the prison of the 'Old Sugar-House,' captives of the British Army, were deposited in this convenient enclosure.'—*See Rev. Dr Vinton's great Argument before Common Council Committee.*

A FIGHT WITH A CONDOR.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

An old friend, having just returned from a tour through South America, sent me an invitation to come and inspect some curiosities which he had brought home with him. Feeling a great desire to see something from a country which I had never visited, I accepted the invitation; and one day, having plenty of leisure, I called upon him.

On entering his cabinet, the first object which struck my attention was an immense bird, some sixteen feet across the wings, which was suspended from the center of the ceiling in a flying attitude. I expressed my wonder at its size and build, and my friend replied, with a smile:

"Yes, sir, that is a wonderful bird, and cost me more anxiety and peril than all the rest put together."

"Ah! indeed?"

"Yes, it was a thrilling adventure," he pursued, "and when you have finished your inspection, I will give you the details over a bottle of generous wine."

After spending some two hours in the cabinet, we retired to the library, where, after drinking each other's health, my friend commenced his tale as follows:

"While I was staying in Chuquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, I met two gentlemen who were brothers, belonging to a distinguished old Spanish family. We soon became intimate friends; and learning, during one of our conversations, that they shortly intended to visit La Paz, one of the most flourishing cities of South America, situated on the Andes, in the western part of Bolivia, I informed them that, if not intruding, it would afford me great pleasure to accompany them, to which a most cordial assent was given.

"Accordingly, in a few days, we were *en route* for La Paz, anticipating great pleasure from our trip. We arrived there without accident; and after spending nearly ten days very pleasantly in the city, one of my friends proposed that we should make a visit to Lake Titicaca, where we should find enough to employ us for weeks, in exploring the rugged and almost inaccessible cliffs and crags of its rocky shores.

"It was immediately decided that we should go; and the second day after, led by an experienced guide, we sallied out of the town, prepared with all that was necessary for our journey. La Paz, although situated in a deep valley, is some twelve thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and the lake to which we were now wending our way, is some three or four thousand feet above La Paz; so that at first it seemed quite curious to me that we should travel upward from the city to the lake; but I soon forgot this in the dangers of our journey; which, as we ascended narrow and precipitous mountain paths, winding sometimes over jagged peaks, and sometimes along the very brink of chasms that seemed to yawn from the bowels of the earth, required my whole attention to keep myself from rolling down rough inclines, or being precipitated into some opening in the solid rock—down which, if a stone were hurled, the sound would echo and re-echo till it finally lost itself in the awful depths below.

"At last we arrived on the shores of the lake, which presented a wild, picturesque appearance—the landscape blending such a grand rugged majesty with a sweet calm repose, as to produce a harmonious, yet awe-inspiring, effect. Here, as the sun was fast sinking behind the tops of the snow-capped peaks on the western side, we resolved to make our first camp, and resume our explorations on the morrow.

"Soon after our halt, and while Josef, our guide, was preparing our frugal repast, he called our attention to an object which projected from behind a rugged crag far up on a distant peak.

"'Senores,' said he, after he was satisfied we perceived it, 'that is the nest of a condor, which for years has raised her young in security from the approach of the most daring who might attempt to climb to the spot.'

"He then went on to relate several accounts of daring mountaineers, who had endeavored to climb to its nest, and had been lost; and of one in particular, who had been attacked by the ferocious bird, and, though defending himself bravely, had been dragged over the ledge and dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"'Do you not think we could kill it?' said I, turning to Josef.

"'No, Senor,' he replied in a decided manner, 'the condor is at all times a formidable antagonist; but doubly so when, as in the present instance, it has its young in nest, which it will defend most savagely.'

"But the more our guide dwelt upon the danger attending an endeavor to take the bird, the more our desire increased to be the heroes of an exploit in which all others had failed; and after some further discussion of the subject, we resolved to proceed on the following day to a gloomy crag which overhung the ledge on which the nest was built, where it was supposed we might obtain at least a glimpse of the terrible bird.

"Accordingly, the next morning, we set off on our adventure in high spirits—our guide, at intervals during our difficult and perilous ascent, persisting in warning us against the dangers to which we were rashly exposing ourselves.

"At length, after a tedious and exhausting journey, we landed on the top of the crag referred to; where, before proceeding to any examination, we partook of some refreshments. After finishing our repast we clambered to various projecting points along the edge of the rocks, to catch a glimpse if possible of the nest; but being unable to do so, I proposed to descend at a point farther down, and creep along the ledge, till I could see whether the mother was there or no. Our guide still most warmly protested against my rashness; but my curiosity being excited to the utmost by what I had heard of the bird, I was resolved to satisfy it at all hazards.

"After some further discussion upon the matter, it was finally settled that my friends should lower me to the ledge; and if, on obtaining a sight of the nest, I should discover the mother to be absent, I should capture one or more of the young ones, and return to the point of the ledge where I had first landed, and should then be drawn up.

"Looking to the condition of my revolvers, and loosening my dirk in its sheath, I prepared for the perilous enterprise, by divesting myself of all superfluous clothing, fastening the end of the rope securely round my body, and running it over a small block of wood, to be placed along the sharp edge of the rock.

"Thus prepared, I cautiously lowered myself over, till I was hanging by the arms; when, looking a moment, to see that all was right, I gave the signal, and was lowered gradually down till my feet touched the ledge I sought; then creeping carefully and cautiously along, I came at last within sight of the nest, which was constructed of branches, and appeared from the distance at which I stood to be some three or four feet in diameter.

"Happily the mother was away; and with a heart beating joyfully at my good fortune, I advanced towards the spot which the condor had selected as a safe place in which to rear her young. A few yards on this side of it there was a cave-like opening in the wall of the precipice, of about the size of a small room, around whose sides grew a running vine, which had taken root in some mold in a crevice of the ledge. Passing on, I came to the nest itself, which I found to contain two young birds, and to be lined with something exceedingly soft.

"Producing a small cord, I now hurriedly and anxiously proceeded to bind the nestlings, each of which was about the size of a large goose; but while thus engaged, I felt something like a pull upon the rope which was around my body; and imagine my feelings, when, on looking around, I perceived that, from some cause, it had been completely severed above me, and that some fifty feet of it now hung over the precipice.

"Instantly dropping the bird, I drew my knife, divided the line, and was in the act of drawing it in, when a wild cry arrested my attention. Looking up in alarm, to my horror I perceived, afar over the lake, a monstrous bird cleaving the air in the exact direction of the spot where I stood.

"Merciful God! shall I ever forget that agonizing moment, as the whole peril of my situation rose at once to my view? Alone upon that rocky point, cut off from my friends, with the monster-bird, like a thing of evil, swooping onward to my destruction!

"But, though terrified to a degree which I may not express, I was not one to give up without a struggle; and hastening back to the cave-like opening, I drew my revolver, and awaited the coming onset.

"I had not long to wait. With an awful shriek, which echoed from crag to crag, the enraged condor made a fierce dash at me; and as she came swooping down, I leveled my pistol with as deliberate an aim as my excited nerves would permit, and three times poured its leaden contents into her breast, ere, with her claws deeply fixed in my quivering flesh, she struck at me with her terrible beak.

With the energy of suffering despair, I now drew my keen dirk with one hand, and with the other grasped the running vine, to prevent my antagonist from dragging me over the ledge, and again and again did I bury the pointed blade in her body, seemingly without effect; and while she still appeared to fight as fiercely and actively as at first, I found myself fast growing weaker and more incapable of defense. My strokes now began to be made with less force, and my hold on the vine seemed loosening; my knees, too, began to tremble, and I felt my strength going from me.

"'God have mercy on my soul!' prayed I at length, as, with a last, despairing thrust, I buried my knife to the haft in the throat of my feathered foe.

"With the blow I fell; and it appeared to me at the time as if I was falling swiftly down a dark abyss, while the winged monster was tearing my throat, and uttering hoarse, unearthly screams, and down, down we went, till I struck the bottom of a terrible chasm, and all grew dark around me.

"When I awoke to consciousness I was lying on the floor of the cave, and the condor, stiff in death, lay beside me. The last blow I had struck at the bird had driven the blade of the dirk in between two of the cervical vertebræ, thus severing the spinal column, and causing instant death.

"But what were my feelings on looking around me? The sun was setting more gloriously than I had ever seen it before, but not a single sound broke the gloomy and awful silence which reigned solemnly over the scene. Wounded, faint, bleeding and despairing, I sat and watched the distant peaks becoming more and more indistinct, till at last all surrounding objects were hidden in a dense, black gloom; and as star after star gleamed brightly in the blue vault above, and my mind recurred to my awful doom, cut off untimely from the world below, my very reason seemed to totter

on its throne! Yes, what hope had I now? My friends, believing me dead, had gone hence to return no more—the guide would add my rash adventure to his wondrous tale—and my bones would bleach uncoffined upon the rock of my folly!

"With a deep groan I dropped my head upon my breast, but as I did so, my eye caught the glimmer of a small fire far down in the darkness. Eagerly I strained my feverish eyes toward it, hoping to catch the shadowy form of a human being near it, for I knew some one must be there.

"A faint hope sprung up in my breast. Might it not be my companions, who, giving me up for lost, had returned to the spot from which our guide had pointed out to us the nest? Hope grew with the thought, and drawing my remaining pistol, I fired each chamber in succession, but alas! no sound came back save the echo of the mocking peaks.

"Great God! was I to perish within sight of human beings, without one endeavor being made to rescue me? The very thought was maddening; and as it swept like living fire through my aching brain, it suddenly occurred to me, with a feeling of relief that no language can express, that perhaps I might fire the nest, and thus let those below know that there was a human being perishing for want of aid.

"With trembling eagerness I struck a light, kindled some light dead leaves, and crawling to the nest, placed them against it. For a moment they seemed to die out, and then sprung into a light blaze—the dried twigs soon caught, and in a few minutes the huge nest was crackling in a bright flame.

"Oh, how painfully I watched it, listening for the responsive signal! Joy! joy! it came! The report of a gun echoed up from below! Another and another! Half madly seizing a large portion of the burning nest, I hurled it with all my strength far out into the gloom, and as it descended, like a meteor, two more reports came rolling upward on the still air! God be praised! my friends were below, and I should yet be saved!

"I need not prolong my story with an attempt to describe my feelings during that long, eventful night, nor the almost maddening anxieties of the slow-moving hours of suspense that followed the dawn. Suffice it to say, that a little before noon my friends were standing upon the rock above me, prepared to restore me to the world of life.

"Pushing the condor over the ledge, I crawled to the spot where I had been lowered the day before, and while adjusting the rope securely around my body, I beheld with surprise the dead bird circling, like a living thing, gradually down toward the lake, her stiffened wings having expanded in a manner to effect a slow and graceful descent from the rocky hight.

"But even while she was slowly falling, I was even more slowly ascending, and at last, with a cry of joy, I stood once more upon the beetling rock above, to be received by my friends as one raised from the dead. They gave me refreshments, dressed my wounds, and an hour before sunset we were all once more safely down on the lake shore, where I found the prize which I had won at so much peril, and which it is my design ever to preserve as a curious memento of what I suffered in its capture.

"Such, sir," concluded my friend, as he filled our glasses, "is the history of the terrible bird which now hangs so harmlessly in my cabinet."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCHROON LAKE.—This correspondent says that a few years ago he married a young girl whom he took a fancy to, but did not love. Growing jealous of her, he disciplined her severely, and at last, in a fit of anger, "beat her with a broomstick, and kicked her with heavy boots." She then went home to her father, who is able and willing to support her, and there she has staid ever since, and is determined to stay, and our correspondent wants to know "what he can do about it." You can make a fuss, have your brutality exposed, and perhaps be shot by some friend or relative of your abused wife.

WRETCHEDNESS.—Your case is not the only one of the kind, by tens of thousands. Wives are often deserted by faithless husbands in less than a year after marriage, and sometimes a husband's heart is estranged within a month. Do you not remember what a certain poet says?—

"The ruddiest lips that ever were kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet a month is gone."

LITTLE YORK.—The name of the booksellers and book-publishers in New York is legion. We do not know their number. We think your chance for getting a situation in a newspaper office in this city would be slim. There are about fifty applicants to one situation, on an average, throughout all the different kinds of trade and business in New York.

H. D. D.—Asks "If a married couple that keep house, but have no children, could properly be called a family?" We think they could be so called with propriety. Sometimes the household of a single man or woman, including relatives and servants, or either, is called a family by unimpeachable writers.

IGNORAMUS, who writes a very delicate, beautiful lady's hand, says she "and all the rest of the girls" have long puzzled over the following problem in logic (as she calls it,) without being able to solve it, and therefore she asks assistance of the LEDGER. The problem is this: "It either rains or it doesn't rain; it doesn't rain, therefore it rains." We see no difficulty in understanding the "problem;" it is a foolish contradiction, and so we understand it to be. The *sound* deludes the unwary ear, and thereby puzzles a superficial mind.

MONTMORENCI.—In sending a letter by a friend, it is usual to write on the lower left-hand corner, "Politeness of John Smith, Esq.," inserting, of course, the name of the friend instead of that of "John Smith, Esq.," unless your friend happen to be John Smith himself.

H. M., Clarksonville.—You should inform the Post Master General at Washington of the uniform miscarriage of your own and your friends' letters for the last six months. He would perhaps have something done about it.

SILVER ROW.—Young men are sometimes fond of teasing their sweethearts by deserting them for a while, and then coming back again. It is a bad practice, and should be discouraged. The young man you mention may love you, and he may not. You should be cautious in your conduct towards him.

ONE IN LOVE.—You behaved in a very cowardly manner in resigning the young lady to your rival, *against her wishes*. You should have accompanied her home, regardless of your rival's threats, or of any assault he might have made upon you.

IGNORANT.—You have not stated the difficulty between your father and mother clearly enough to enable us to give any decision upon it. Perhaps your mother's jealousy is ill-founded. She should be careful and not make a fatal mistake. Let her proofs be clear.

BEATRICE.—It is not *necessary* for a girl to ask the consent of her guardian to her marriage, after her mother has consented thereto, but she should not be so uncourteous as to take such an important step without consulting him in regard to it. Sometimes a guardian is empowered by a deceased father to disinherit a ward who marries contrary to his (the guardian's) wishes; in such a case a girl should, of course, be careful not to offend her guardian. The phrase "alpha and omega" means "from the beginning to the end," "from first to last," "the sum and extent of one's wishes," &c., &c. In the case you mention, the expression, "she was the alpha and omega of his aspirations," means that *she filled his whole heart*—that *he cared for the love of no other woman*, &c., &c. Alpha is the name of the first, and omega of the last, letter in the Greek alphabet.

EVELINE.—You seem to be too calculating and selfish ever to win happiness anywhere. You do not, according to your long letter, take into account the feelings or wishes of anybody but yourself; this being the case, no matter how you act, unhappiness will be the ultimate result of your conduct. If you marry simply for your own sake, you will soon become miserable. As you are of age, you have a legal right to do as you please; and obedience to your father, which is inspired simply by the selfish consideration of an inheritance, will be apt to miss the object it aims to secure. The sum you mention ($1400 a year) would enable a loving, thrifty couple, who care more for each other's happiness than for the approval of Mrs. Grundy, to live comfortably in New York.

I. S. P.—Etiquette is not a matter of morals, but of taste. It is right to touch your hat to a lady, but it is *not wrong* to omit doing so. If you are so awkward that you cannot attempt to touch your hat to a lady in the street without poking your thumb in your eye, or knocking off somebody else's hat, you had better not attempt such an act of politeness, but content yourself with a simple bow or smile of recognition. When two girls are standing together waiting for a shower to slack up, it would be rude to ask one of them to accept the protection of your umbrella, and leave the other to remain alone. You should offer your umbrella to them, and go without yourself, or else pass them by without notice.

ADAM NOLAN.—The wife who married a second husband without first obtaining a divorce, committed bigamy, legally speaking, although her first husband had been living with a (so-called) second wife for several years. She should have got a divorce from him, and then she could have defied him. As it is, he can make her trouble, if he be so disposed; although, taking her belief in her lawful right again to marry, and all the other facts into consideration, if her "second husband" will stand by her, he and a skillful lawyer can defend her against serious harm.

PORTLAND wants to know how to make a girl who stares and laughs at, and makes fun of him, whenever he passes the house in which she lives, in going to and from the shop where he works, feel that she does wrong, and make her stop annoying him so. The best way is to take no notice of her vulgar conduct, and should an opportunity offer to do her a favor, do it. Such a course of conduct will be the best rebuke you can administer to her, and, what is of much more importance, it will have the best possible effect upon your own nature.

W.—This correspondent says she is engaged to a young man who professes to love her dearly, but who is in the habit of going to sleep when they are "keeping company together," and she wants to know what can be done to break him of such an annoying practice. We really don't know what is to be done with such a sleepy-head. He must be a descendant of Morpheus himself. Throw cold water in his face.

HATTIE.—An invitation to a wedding from either the bride or the bridegroom is sufficient, though the best way is to send out the cards of invitation in the name of both parties: then the thinnest-skinned, or the most sensitive, or the silliest friend of either party cannot take offense on the ground of having been slighted.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We cannot answer questions by private letter. Let every one interested make a note of this, and save their time, stationery, and postage stamps. We should be glad to accommodate all our friends, and grant all their requests, but there are limits to the capacity of one pair of hands, only one of which can be used in writing.

CHARLIE.—When a young lady "gets a prejudice against a fellow," the only way is for him to live it down. If her prejudice be founded on false reports, prove to her their falsity. You must be as good and devoted, and in every way as admirable as you can, and leave the result to time.

W. M. N.—You and your friends had better purchase or borrow an American flag, and then you can measure it, and examine it, and settle all your disputes about its proportionate length, breadth, stars, stripes and colors, over the very thing itself.

JULIAN.—We cannot give you advice as to what course you had better pursue in choosing an avocation for life, nor say whether you would do better in the country than in the city, as we know nothing about your tastes, education or capacity.

G. S. B.—We can give no receipt "for making the hair curl." When a person's hair does not curl naturally, it had better be left as nature made it. Naturally straight hair looks better than that which is curled by artificial means.

C. W.—If the girl loves you, and you love her, we see no reason why the fact of her having corresponded with another young man should prevent your marrying her.

YOUNG CLERK.—The memory can be strengthened *by use*, the same as the power of the arm or the muscles of any part of the body can be increased by use.

SENORITA.—The fare from New York to San Francisco is, for first-class passage, $300; second class, $250; steerage, $150.

J.—You would be imprudent to act as bride's-maid without your husband's consent, although your marriage has as yet been kept a secret.

J. E. H.—The subscription price of the LEDGER is two dollars a year. Your friend will have to pay the postage at the office where he receives the paper.

FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.—We should be glad to accommodate you, but we do not tell the names of anonymous writers for the LEDGER.

C.—Earn the money to go to school, as your father wishes you to do.

SOLOMON.—We cannot spend time to "look for your letter of some weeks ago." Ask the questions over again.

DOCTOR says a most estimable young lady of his acquaintance, whom he highly esteemed, became engaged to "a fast and self-conceited young man," whom he knew to be altogether unworthy of her heart and hand; and wishing to break up the match, he ("Doctor") made love to the young lady himself, won her affections, got her to discard her first lover, and then abandoned her. His reason for doing this was, as he says, that he knew no other way by which her engagement with the "fast and self-conceited young man" could be broken off; and he now asks, "What do you think of my conduct? Was I not justified, under the circumstances, in taking the course I did?" By no means. We think that your conduct was most scandalous. In the first place, the young lady's marriage was no affair of yours, and you had no business to interfere with it. From the tone of your letter, we are inclined to the opinion that hatred of her lover, and not regard for herself, was the impelling motive of your conduct. Had there really existed any good reason for the breaking off of the match, you should have communicated it to the young lady and her parents, and left them to act as, in full view of the knowledge of the facts, they should deem best. Your conduct in the affair, according to your exposition of it, was clandestine, treacherous, deceitful and dishonorable, and were it generally known it should, and probably would, occasion your exclusion from decent society from this time henceforth and forever.

SEYMOUR.—It is a most ungrateful task to compare the conduct and sacrifices of the different States during the Revolution, for the purpose of extolling some at the expense of others. Every State did its best, during that trying period. We cannot realize the difficulties under which they labored. Without money or credit; with traitors in every community, ready and eager to convey intelligence to the common foe; with no veteran officers or soldiers; leaning on an untried system of government, formed without models and without experience; the past darkened with the memory of oppression and spurned attempts at reconciliation; the present gloomy and disastrous, and the future uncertain, they went on, fighting at hazard, not knowing what the issue would be, but only knowing that they would conquer or perish. They were human and had faults, of course; and for that very reason they deserve the more credit. After a railroad has been constructed through pathless forests and dense swamps, it is a very easy matter for shallow-brained passengers to sit in the cushioned cars, and find fault with the engineers who laid out, and the laborers who built, the road.

S. A. H.—The game of chess is of very ancient origin. Some writers say it was invented by the Brahmins, some of whom are exceedingly skillful players. The names of the pieces are the king, queen, castle, knight, bishop, and pawn. The castle is often also called the rook. The color of the chess-men is white, and red or black. Each color has one king, one queen, two castles or rooks, two knights, two bishops, and eight pawns, making sixteen pieces of a color, or thirty-two in all. You can get a board and a set of chessmen for from fifty cents to five thousand dollars. The highest-priced set we ever heard of cost fifteen hundred guineas, or about $7,500.

FRENCHMAN.—Yes. When you do not know a clergyman's Christian name, you can with propriety address a letter to him as you suggest, to wit, "The Rev. Mr. Socrates." Your view of the grammatical question recently broached in the LEDGER, as to the part of speech which the word "up" is, in the sentence, "He ran *up* the mountain," is correct, and you argue and illustrate your point most excellently, notwithstanding your non-familiarity with the English language. In the sentence given, "up" is a preposition, and not an adverb. "He ran *around* the mountain;" "he ran *over* the mountain," are similarly constructed sentences, and no one would call "around" or "over" an adverb.

SALMAGUNDI.—We think you are in the wrong, and that an apology is due from you to the lady. She had a perfect right to decline dancing with you, without giving any reason therefor; and the fact of her dancing with another some half-hour afterwards, gave you no right to question her upon the subject. It was an insult to her even to refer to the matter in a fault-finding spirit, and she served you right in silently turning her back upon you. Of course, such a thing was rather a bitter dose to swallow in public, but you yourself prepared the draught and held the chalice to your own lips.

A COUNTRY NEWS AGENT.—You can buy the LEDGER in small quantities from any wholesale dealer in this city, at 2 3-4 cents a copy. You can have them forwarded to your residence in Kentucky, or to any part of any other State, by mail, at a cost of half a cent a copy, so that you can procure your LEDGERS and pay the postage at a total cost of 3 1-4 cents a copy. You should charge five cents for them when you have to pay half a cent for postage.

STUDENT.—The morning is the best time for study, after one becomes accustomed thereto. At the time Columbus discovered America (in the year 1492) Henry VII. was King of England; James IV., of Scotland; Charles VIII., of France; Frederick III. was Emperor of Germany, but died, and was succeeded the next year by Maximilian I.; Alexander VI. was Pope; Iwan Wasilej I. was Emperor of Russia; and Bajazet II. was Sultan of Turkey.

MONMOUTH.—We do not wish to take the responsibility of advising you as to the means of your escaping from your deplorable condition. You should consult your family physician. He will not betray you, as he would not break his Hippocratean oath. It will of course be humiliating, but you must probably choose between that and a life of disease and horrid suffering.

THOMPSON KELLEY.—The letters A. U. C. are the abbreviation of *ab urbe conditor*—"from the building of the city;" that is, "from the building of Rome"—(Rome being *the* city,) which occurred in the year 753 before Christ. The present year is A. D. 1858, or A. U. C. 2611; that is, it is 1858 years since the birth of Christ, and 2611 years since the building of Rome.

JOSHUA.—You are too uncharitable. You must be a comparatively unsophisticated person, or you would not be so merciless and condemnatory in your judgment of your neighbors. If you live long enough you will probably learn that very good men may differ with you, and have lawsuits with you, and may honestly and innocently swear to things which you believe to be false.

DORCAS.—Although charity *begins* at home, it should not stay there. We think that benevolent societies are very excellent things, and do much good. A young man who makes a practice of habitually ridiculing the philanthropic efforts of the benevolent and charitable, would not be apt to make a good husband.

E. G.—Marry the beau who regularly attends the Bible class, notwithstanding the jeers of his fast and fashionable friends, rather than the one who sails his yacht on the Sabbath. You may depend upon it that the former, though now poor, will ultimately have a better position in society than his rich and Sabbath breaking rival.

MACK.—It would be perfectly proper for you to offer, and for the young lady to accept, your hand. The fact that she refused you years ago, when she was engaged to another man, would have nothing to do with the propriety of your again renewing your suit. As you say you can never love any other woman, you had better "try again."

FRANKFORT, KY.—Call on the young lady, and act as though nothing had happened. By paying her devoted attention and treating her with great cordiality you can soon recover the ground you have lost—if, indeed, you have lost any. Offer a lady your left arm in conducting her into a room.

B. B. B.—You should not let you friends annoy you "on account of your small size." You should be above being annoyed from any such cause. Some of the most eminent men who have ever lived have been men of small stature. You cannot increase your size by artificial means.

BANJO.—We do not know of any "professors of the banjo" who "teach the instrument." We believe it has not *yet* been introduced along with the harp and the piano into our fashionable seminaries of learning, or amongst the "first circles" of society.

JOSEPH.—Cut your toe-nail, in the center, down to the quick, and let the corners of it alone. Such a cutting of it will *break the arch* and relieve the corners of their downward pressure; and by keeping it so cut down in the middle for a while, it will cease growing into the flesh.

H. J.—You should not be so easily disheartened. Remember the old motto, "with patience and perseverance a man can open an oyster with a rolling-pin," and go ahead. If you are worthy of a collegiate education you can gain the prize.

GENERAL.—Your title will do you no good in Europe, but would be apt to subject you to ridicule, in case you should come in contact with military men. Plain "Mr." is the best title to travel with abroad.

H. D.—There is no language of "finger-rings" that we know of. We cannot say whether you should or should not continue to visit your "lady-love." If you do not know what to do, do nothing.

C. C. C.—It is not polite to wear your vest unbuttoned in the presence of ladies. The warmth of the weather has nothing to do with the question.

F. E. I. O.—You must patiently bear the ill opinion of the young lady's father, and live it down. If you are discreet, you can do this by the time you ought to get married.

CLINTON.—We cannot say whether or not the Minnie rifle will throw a ball one mile. We have seen it so stated, but have never put the matter to a practical test.

G. R. P.—Esop's fables and Mother Goose will do your children no harm; on the contrary, they will do them good.

JOSEPHUS.—The final destruction of Jerusalem was accomplished by the Romans, under the command of Titus.

E. T.—No. A cadet at West Point is not required to understand Latin or Greek.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*